

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

STILL ONLY 12c

10006-408  
AUGUST

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES  
**GETTING THE MESSAGE**

WHEN THE FLINTSTONES' HOUSE IS LIT UP AT MIDNIGHT, WEIRD SOUNDS POUR FROM THE WINDOWS AND ROCKACYCLES ARE PARKED ALL OVER THE FRONT LAWN, YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE OF TWO THINGS...

THUMPATHUMPATHUMP!



ONE, THAT RODNEY ROCKTOP IS IN TOWN...

BOOM!

TWANG!



TWO, THAT FRED IS MISERABLE...

GRRR! I'VE HAD MY LAST BONGO BEAT!

NOW, FRED...



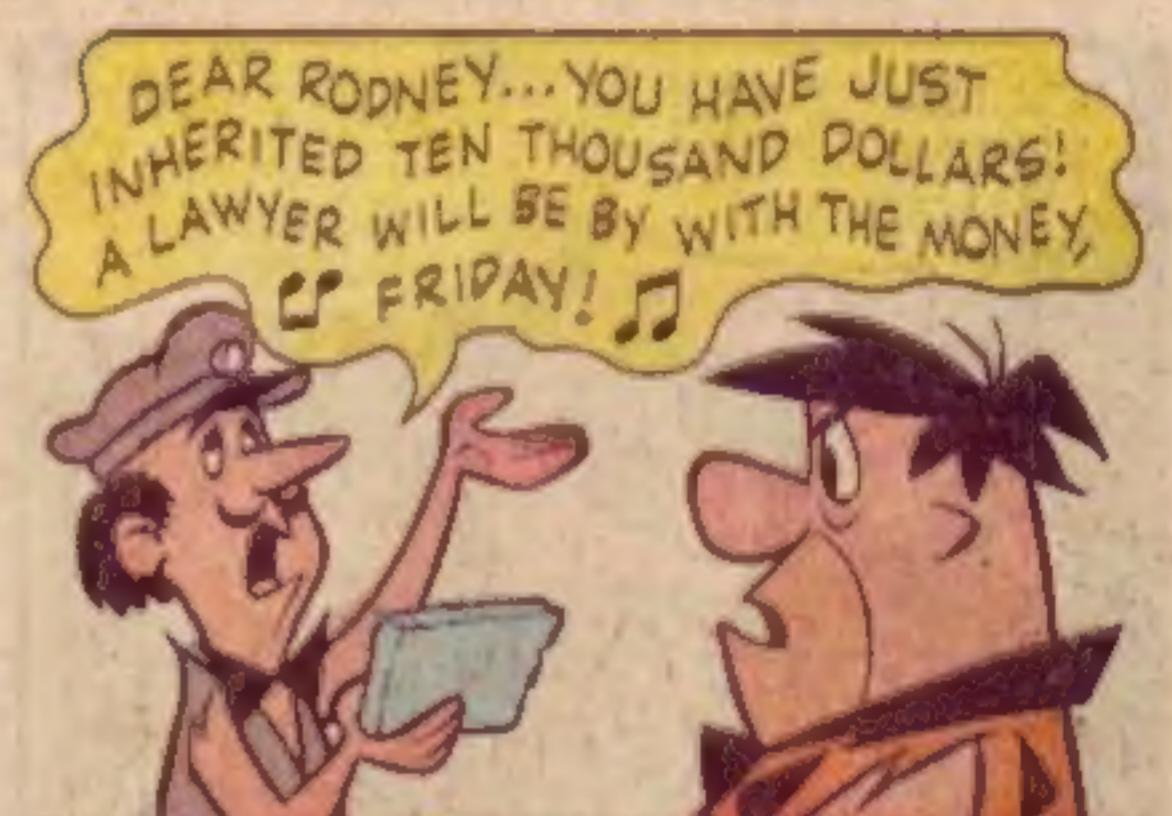
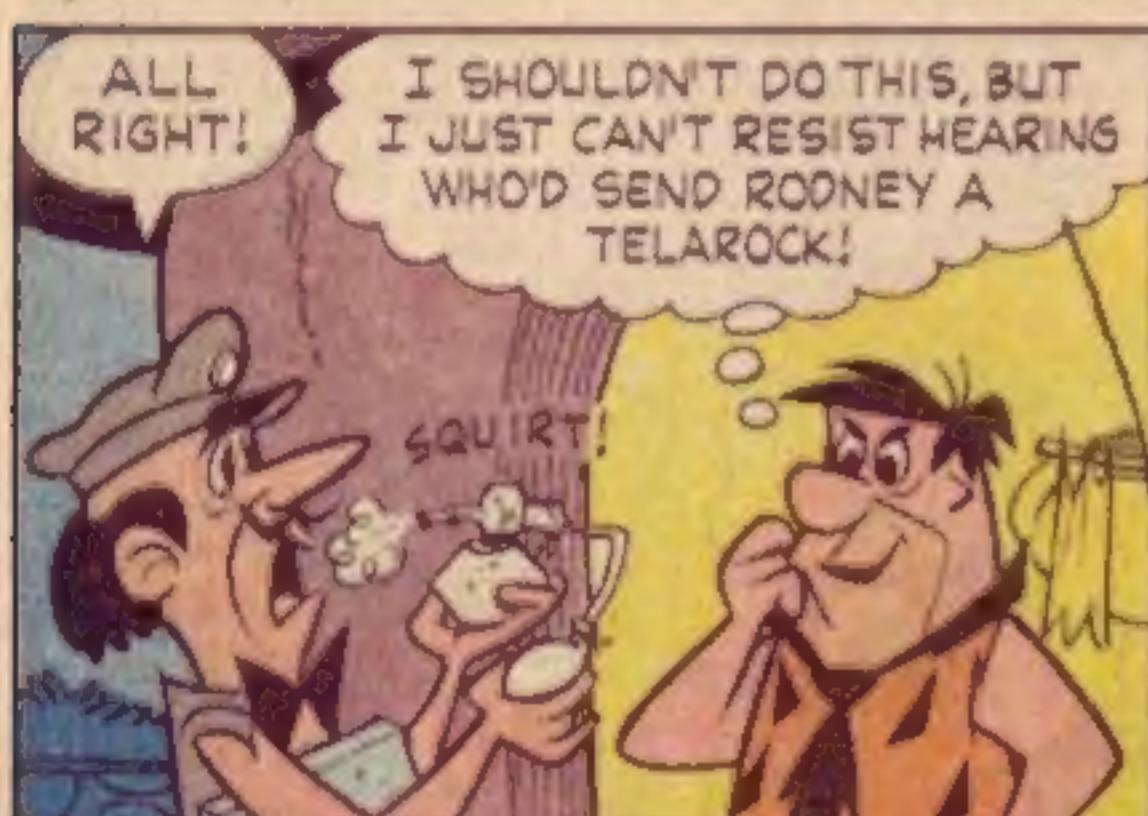
I'VE HAD IT, WILMA!... EVERY TIME RODNEY COMES TO TOWN HE STAYS HERE! AND IF THAT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH, HE INVITES ALL THE LOCAL BEATS OVER!

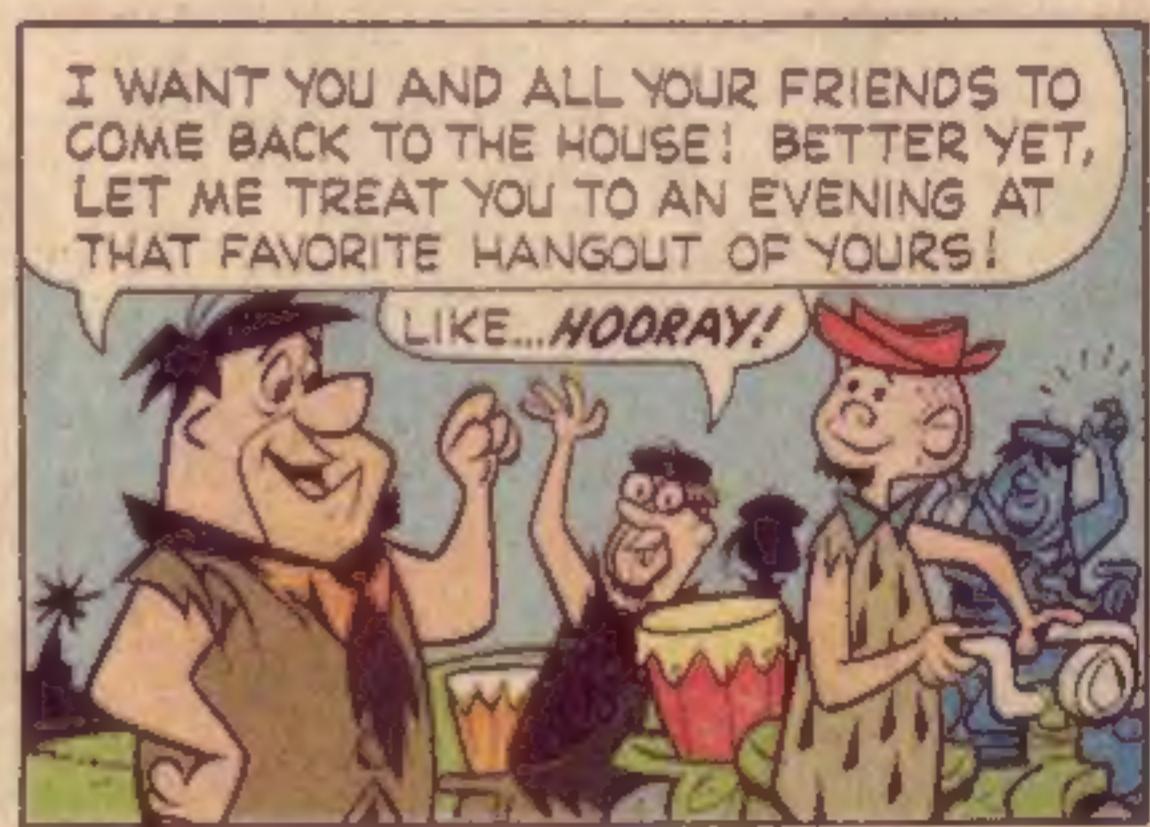


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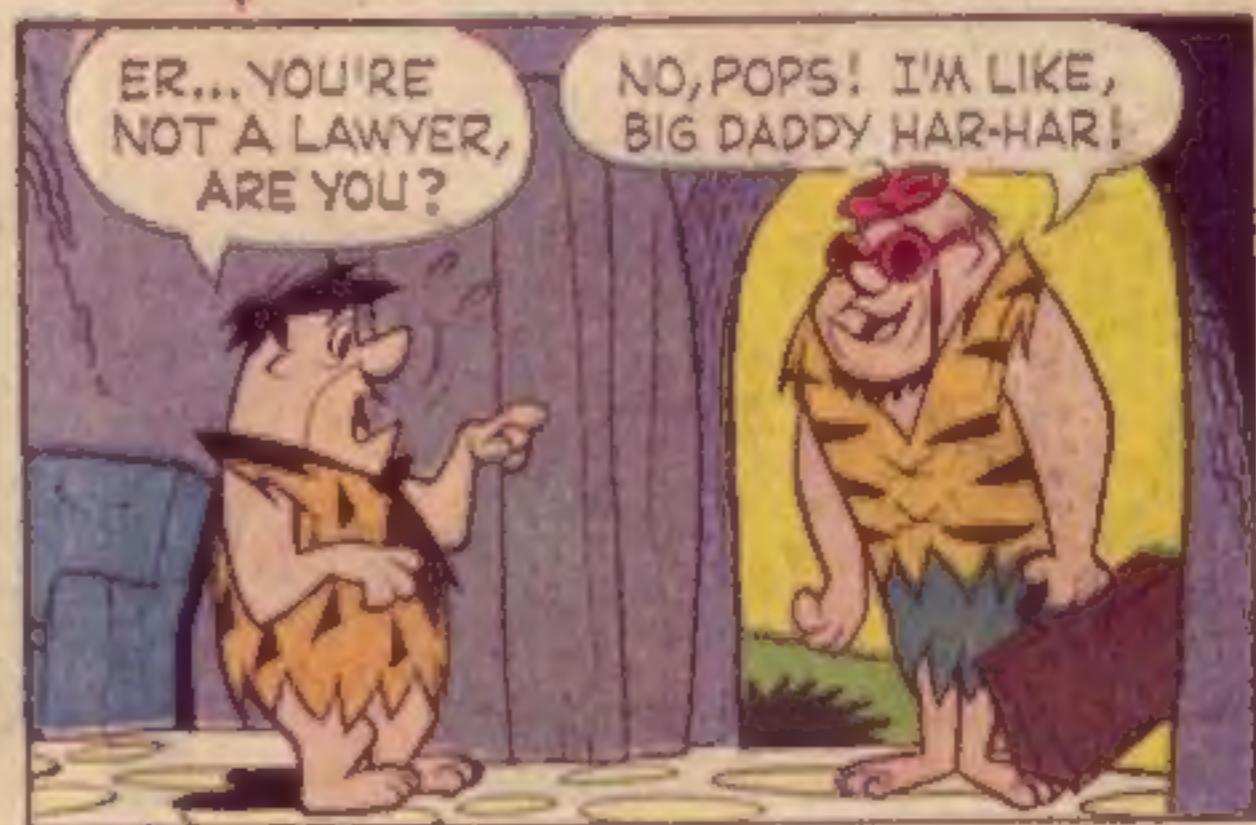


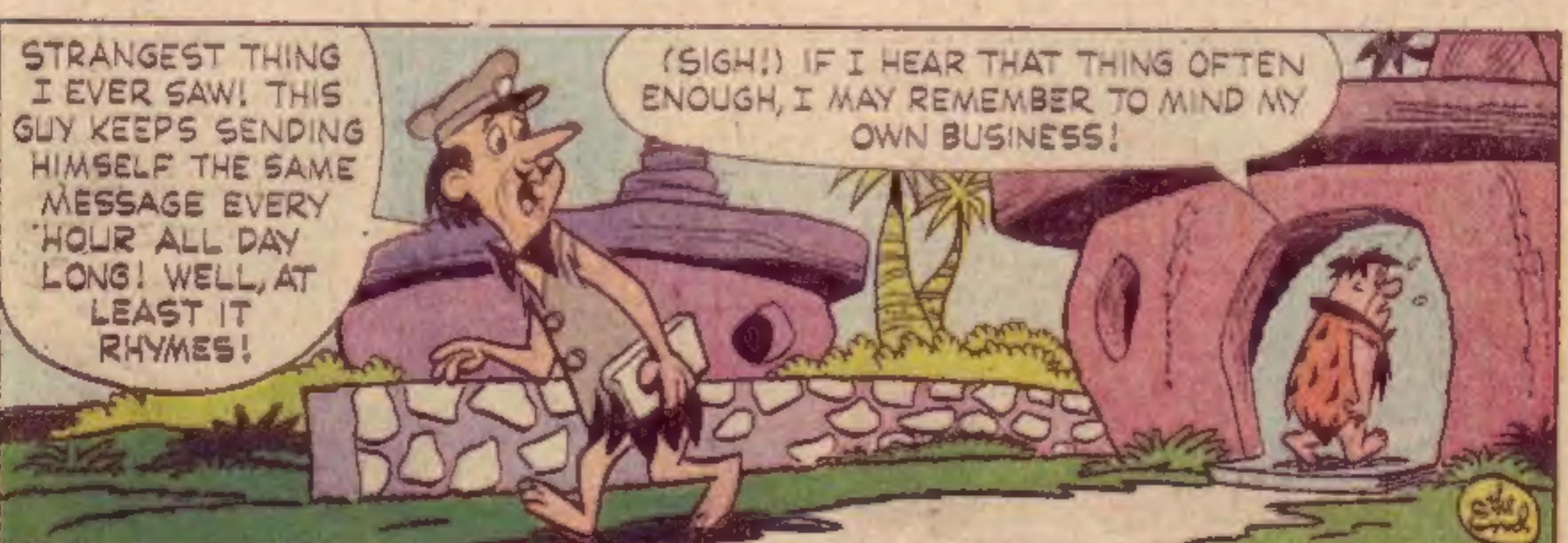
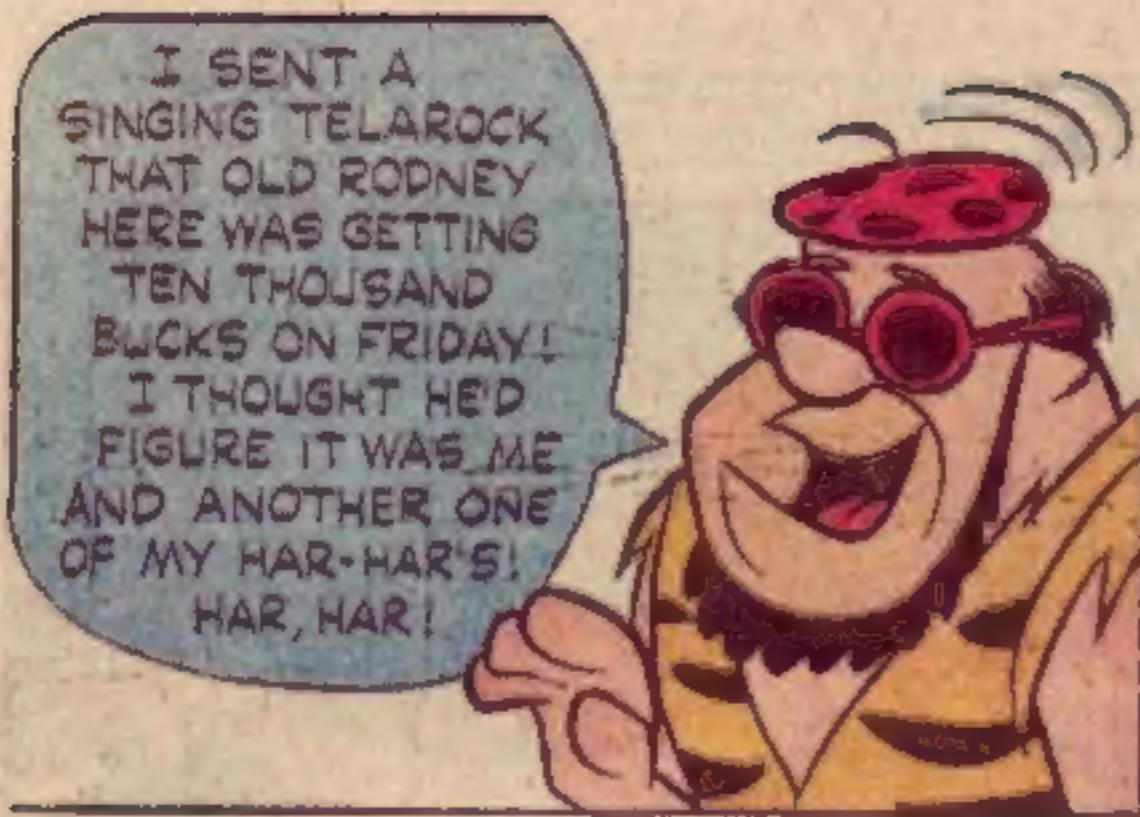






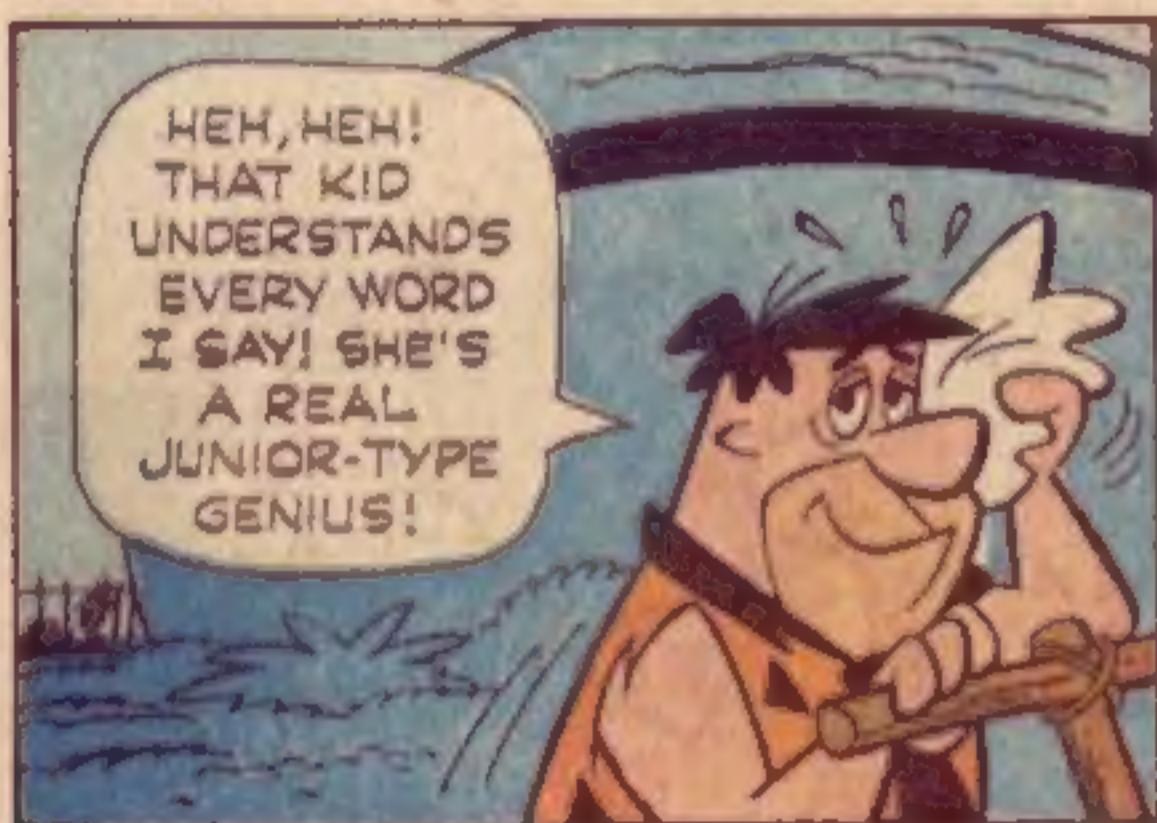
SO, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS FRED HAS OPEN HOUSE...AND WE DO MEAN **OPEN**...

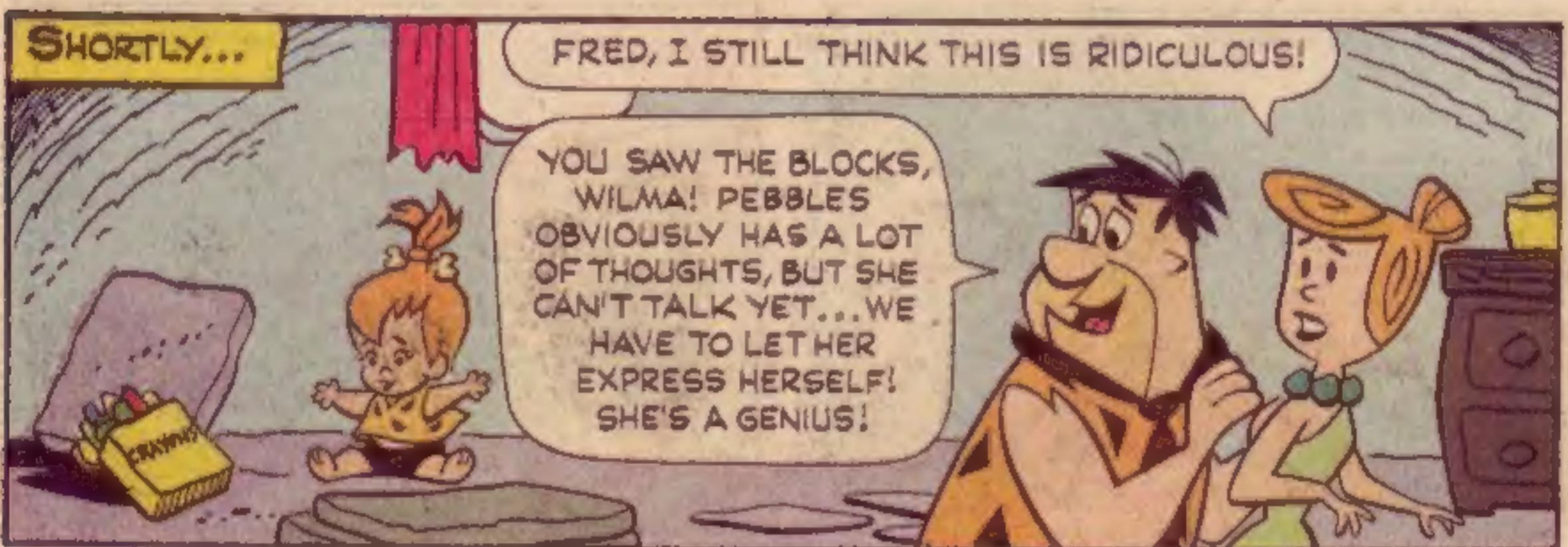
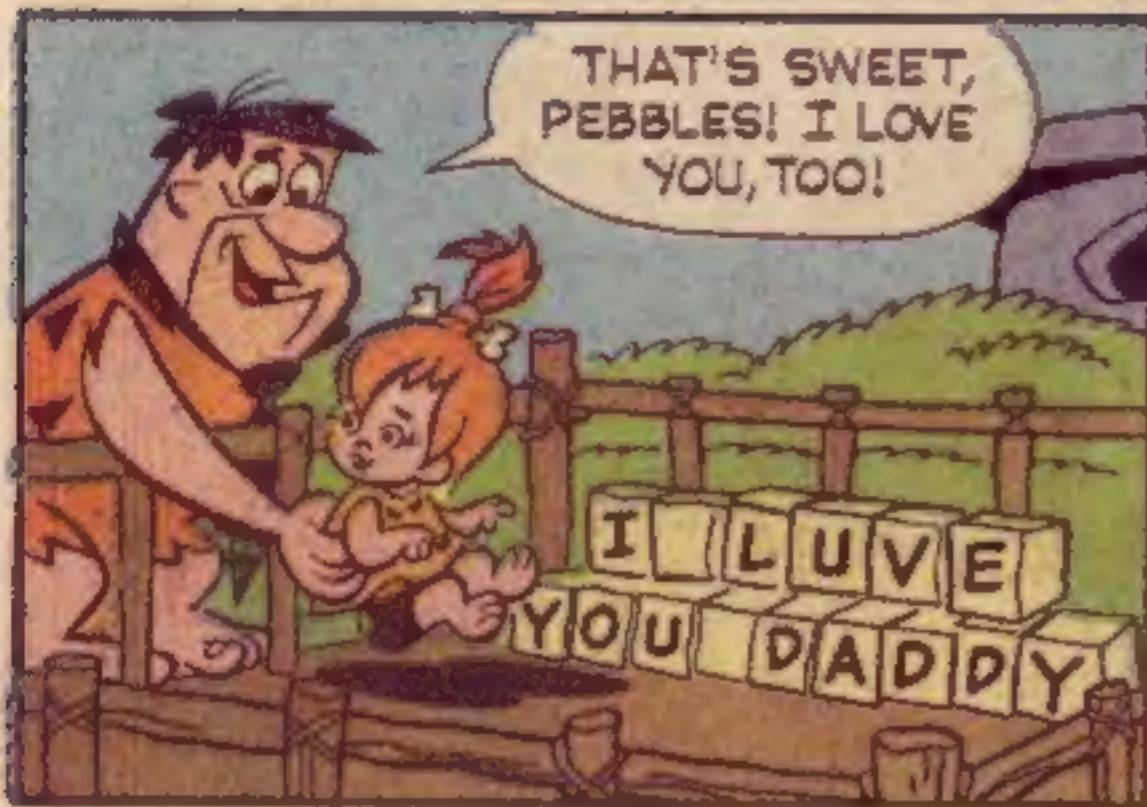


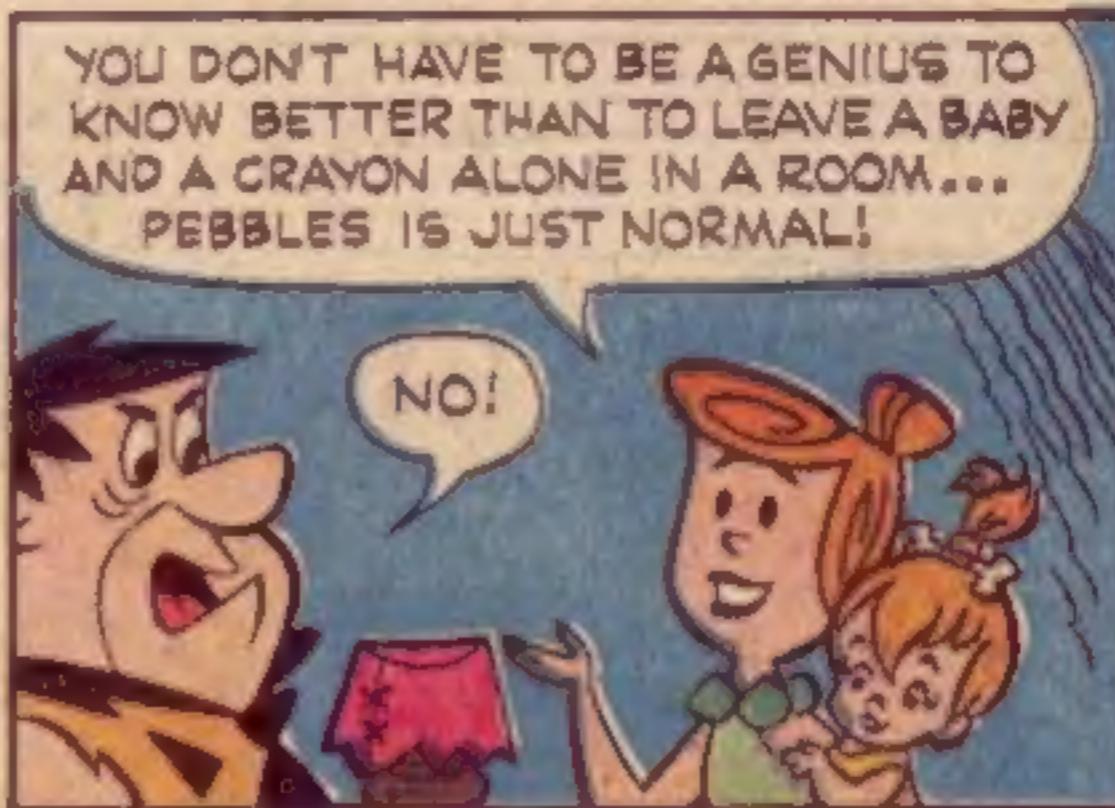


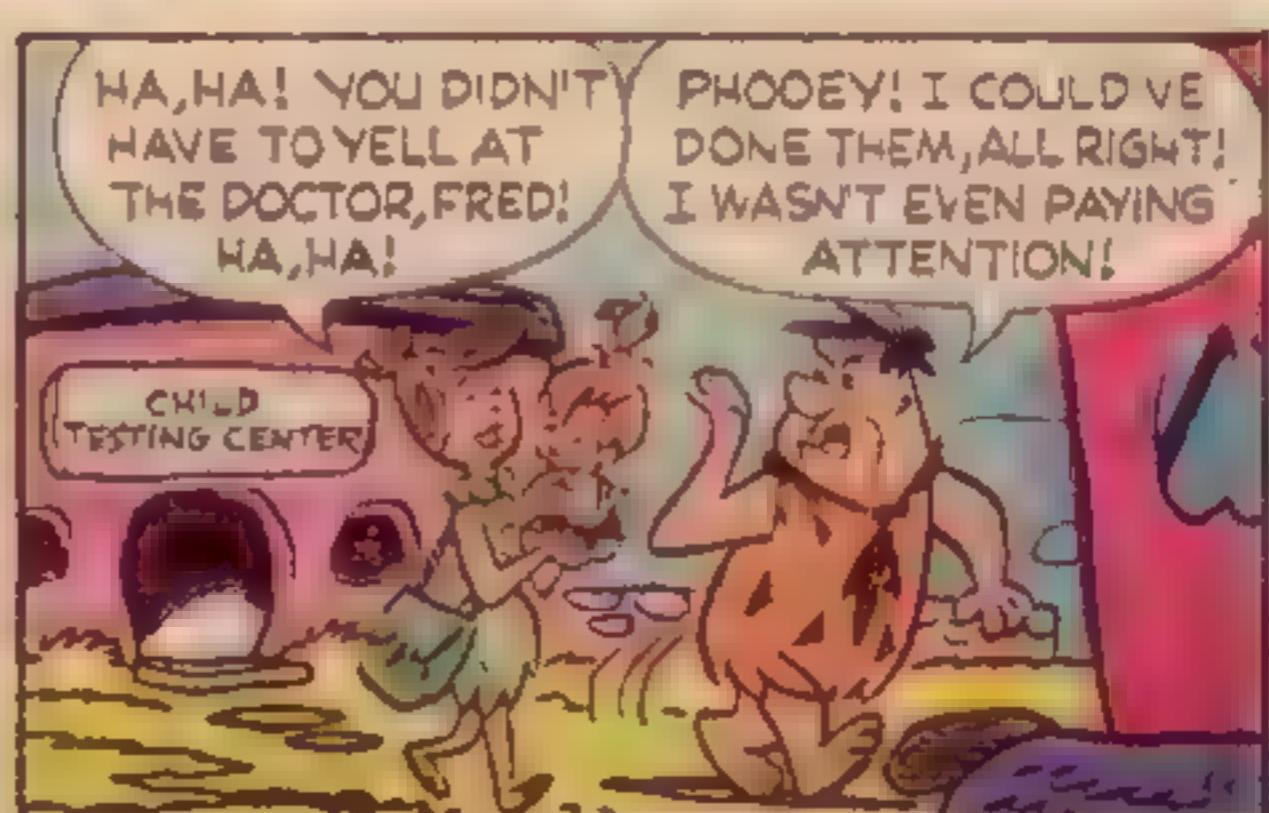
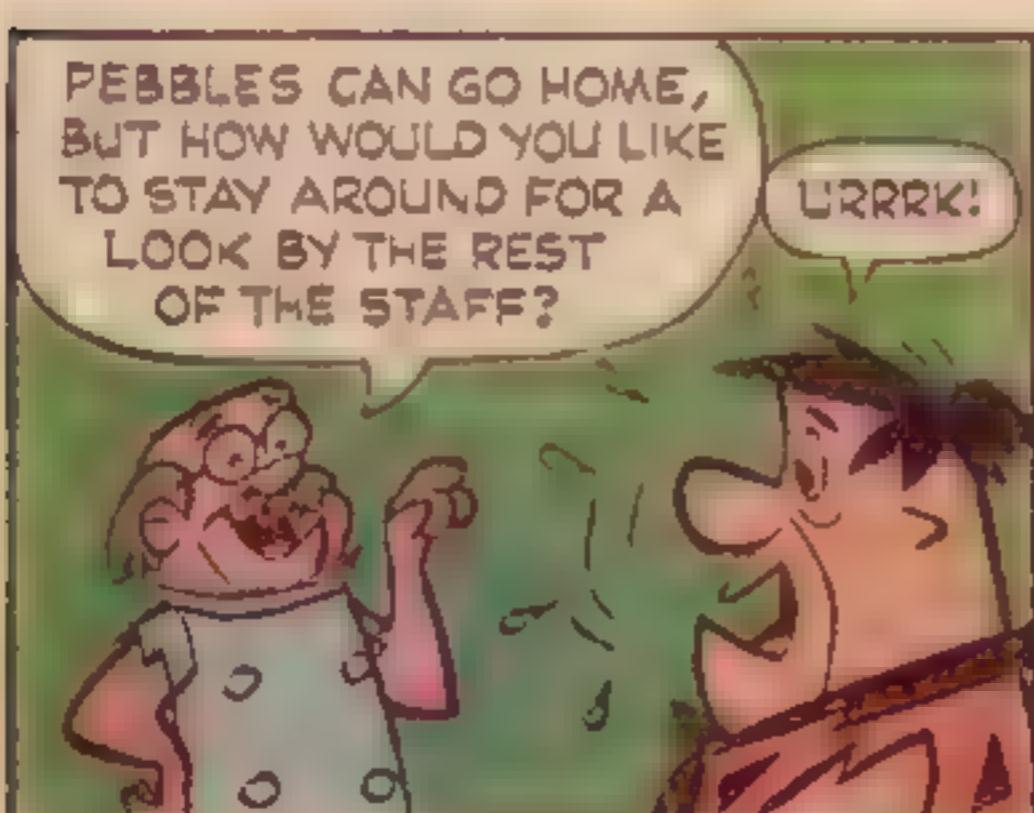
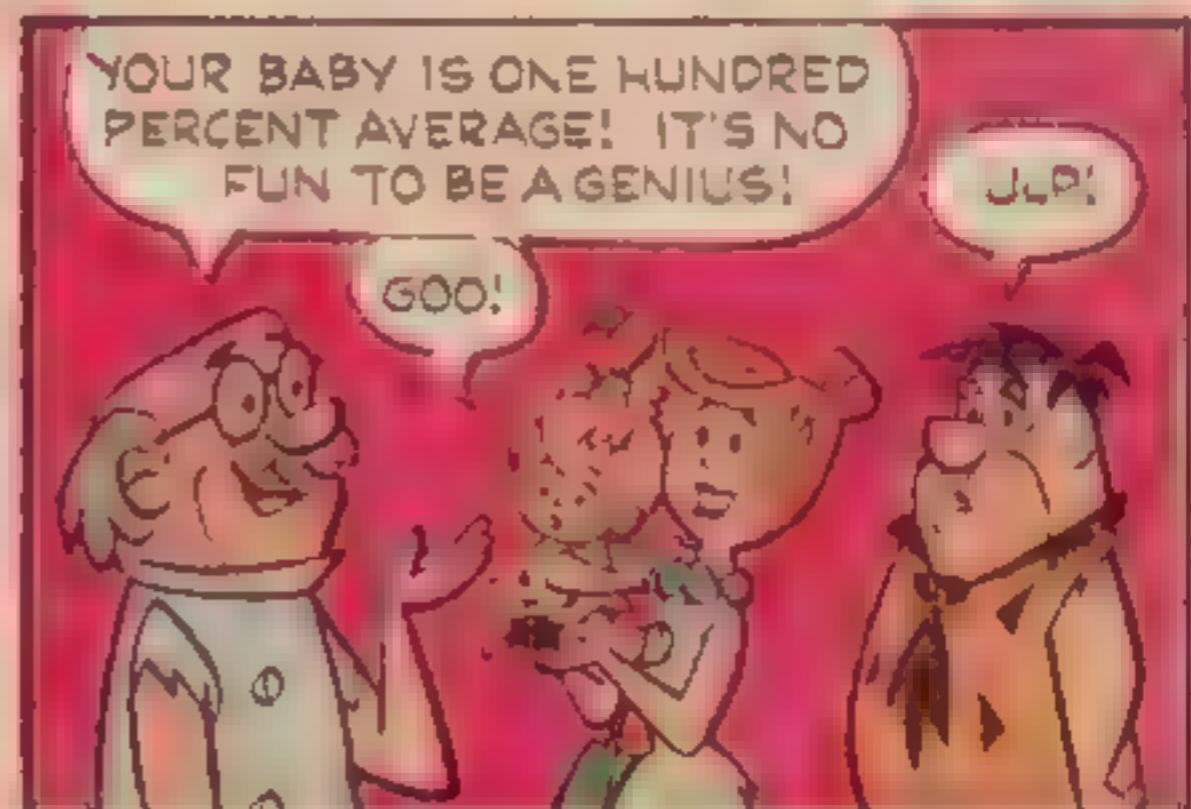
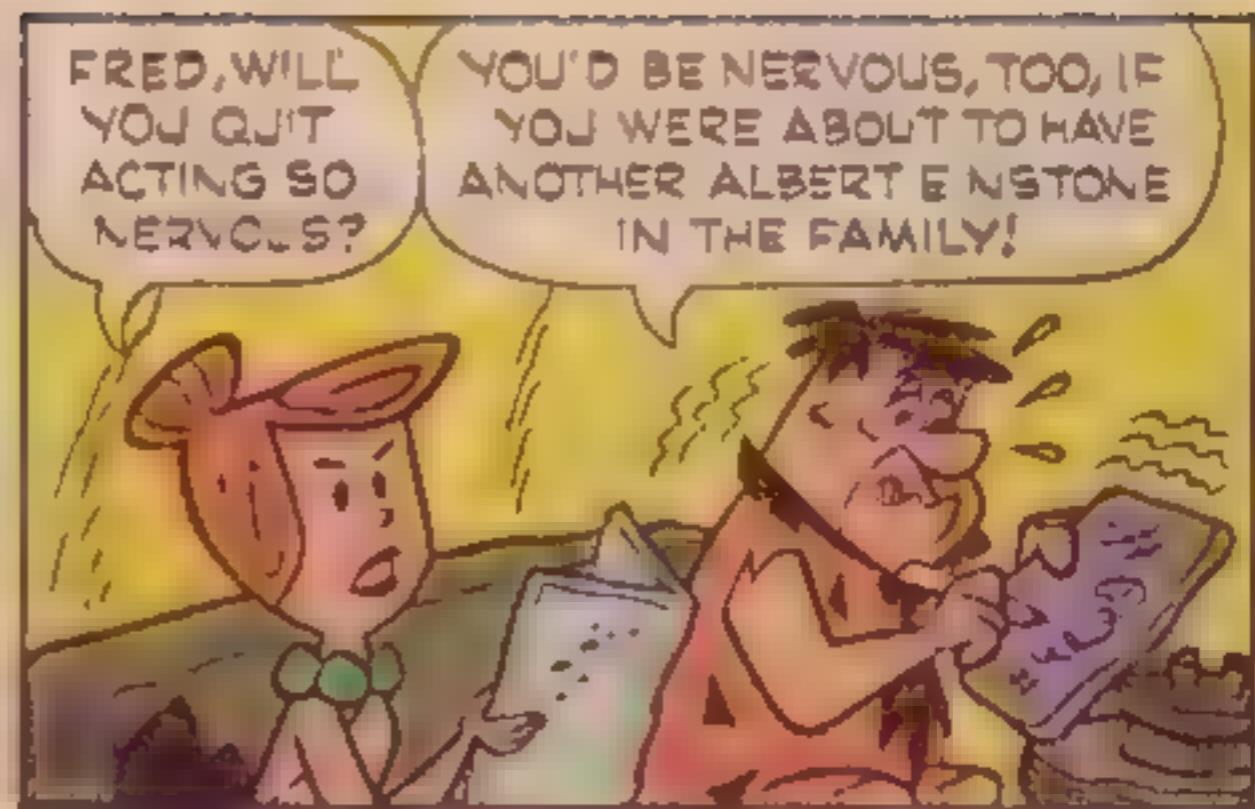
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THE FLINTSTONES

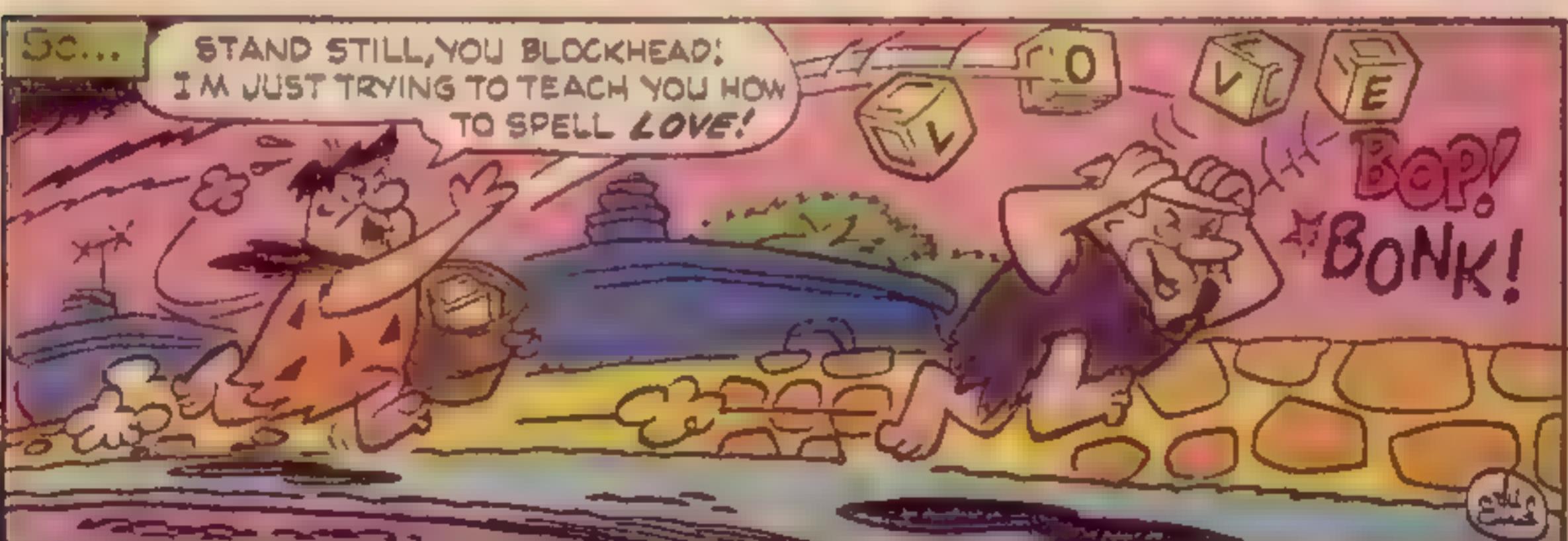
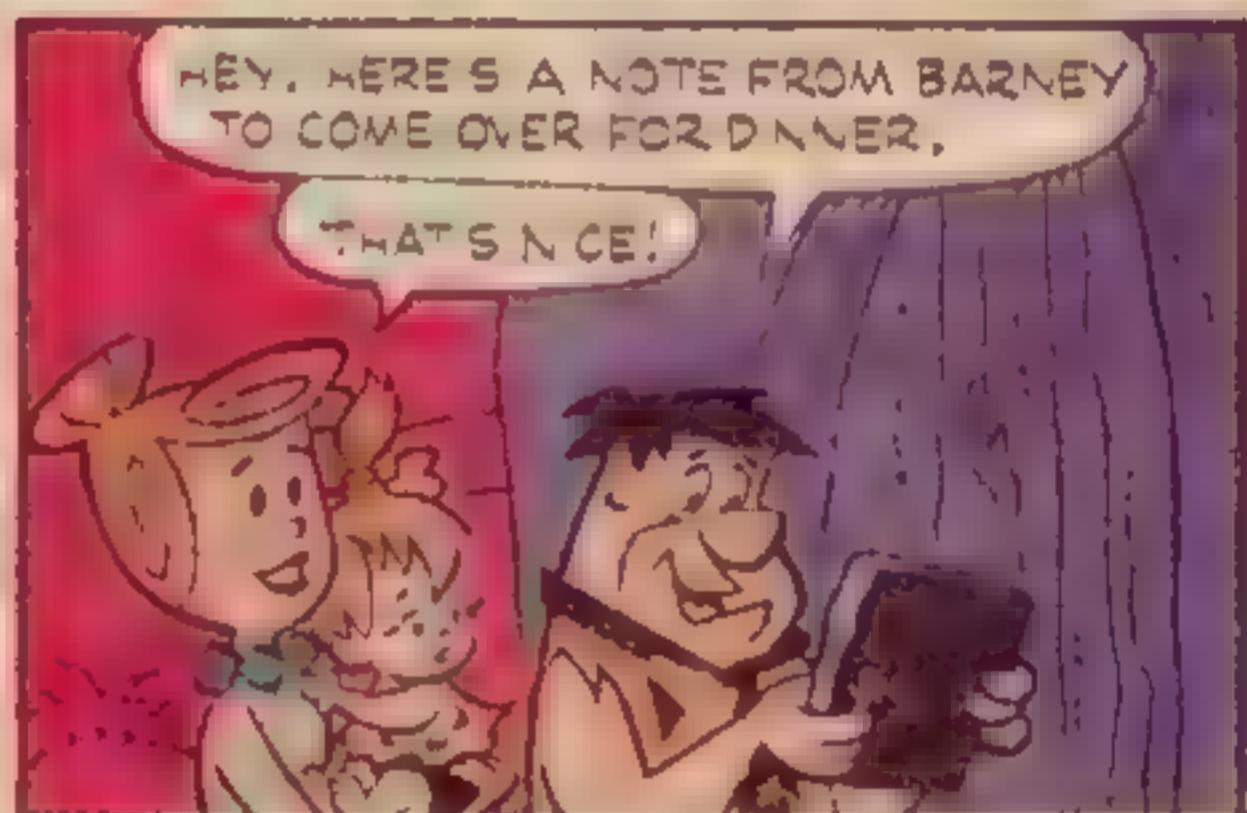
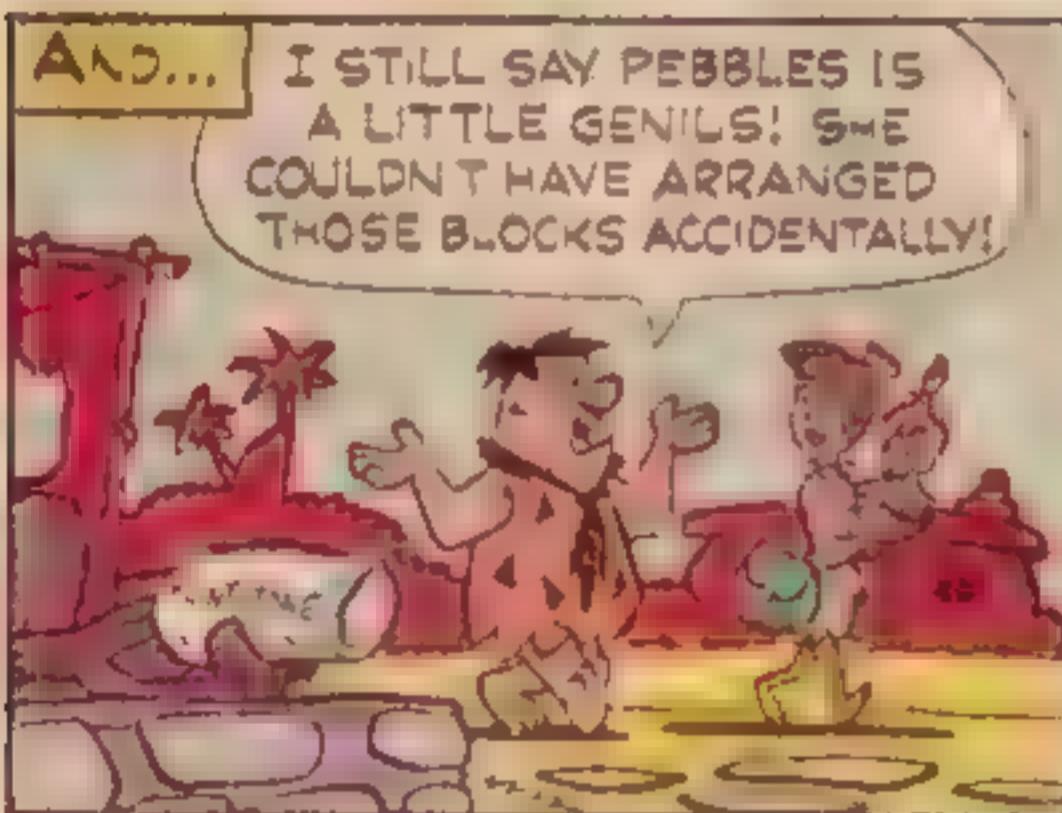
# the NORMAL GENIUS









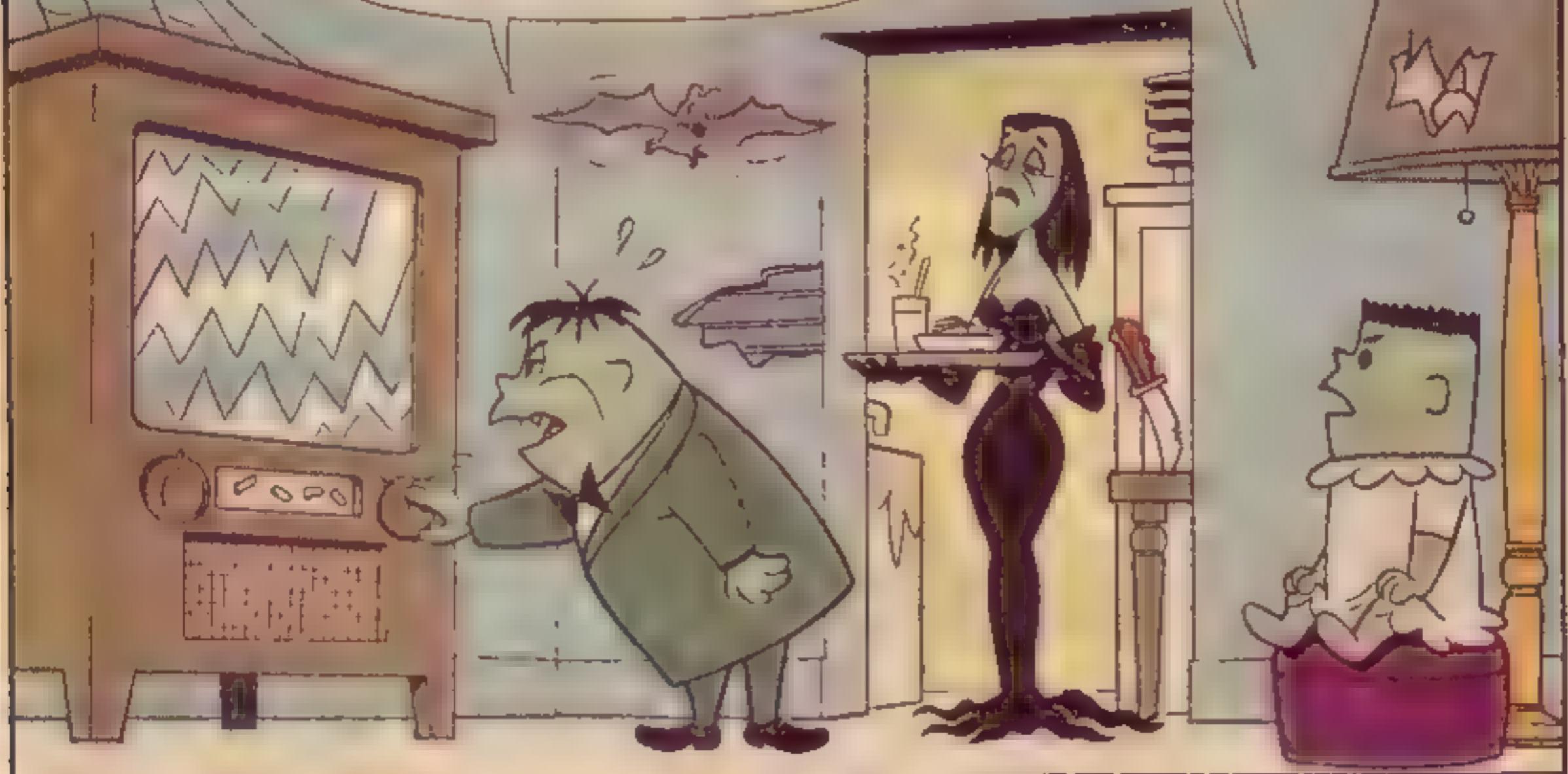


Hanna-Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

# TV OR NOT TV

BLASTED BATWINGS! THE TV SET IS FOULLED UP AGAIN! AND JUST WHEN MY FAVORITE SHOW, HORROR ZONE, WAS ABOUT TO GO ON!

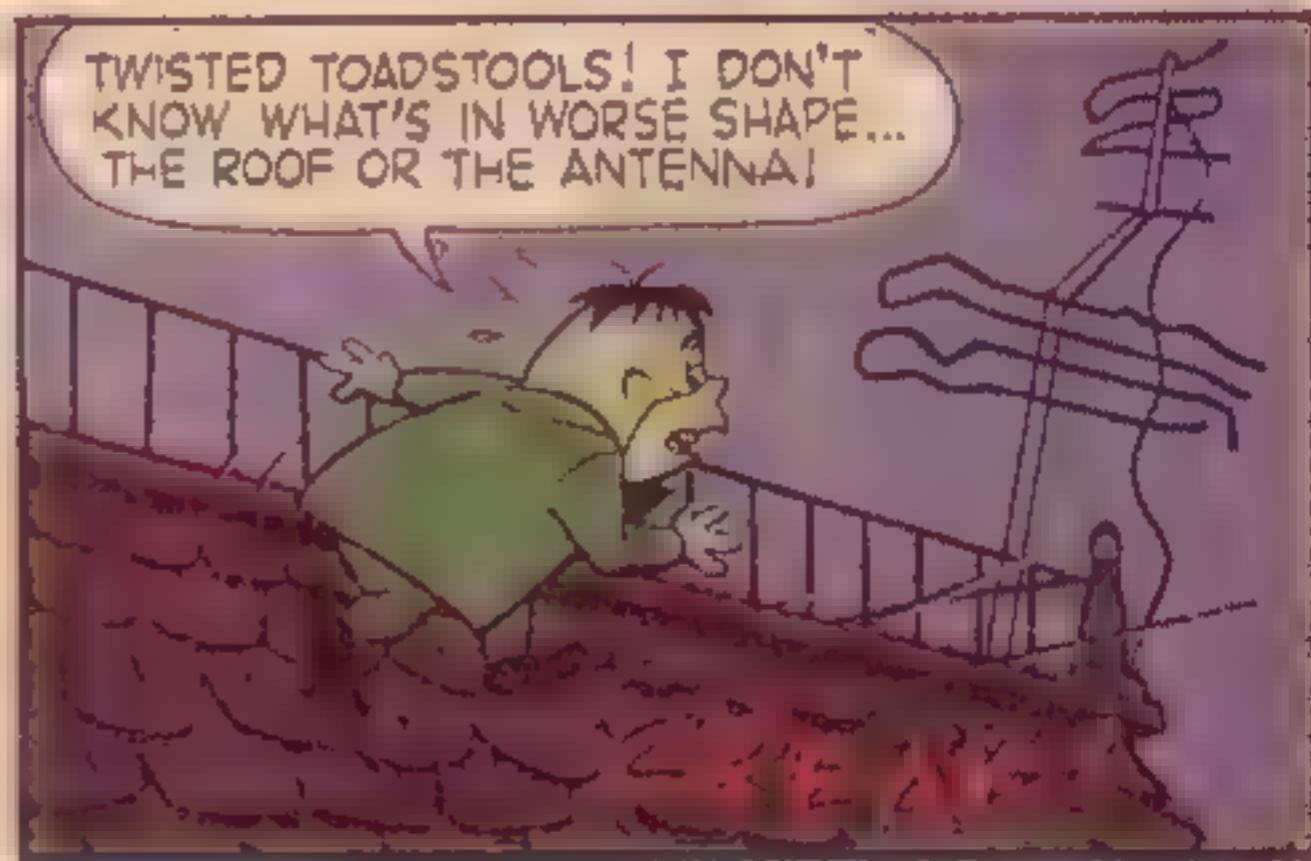
THAT SET NEVER WORKS, POP!

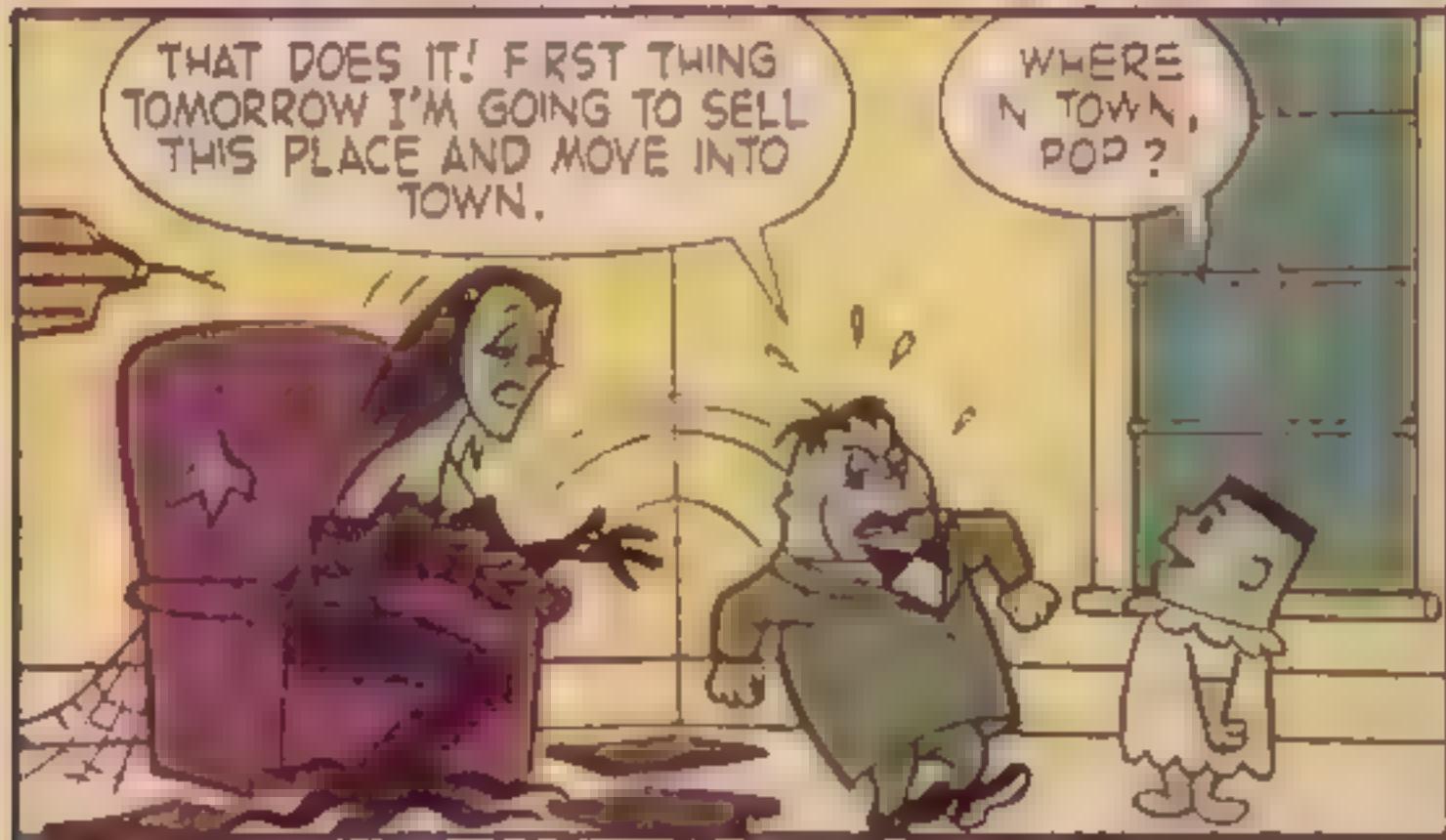


WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I INVENTED IT MYSELF!

THAT'S WHY IT NEVER WORKS, DEAR!

BAH! IT'S JUST THE ANTENNA ... IT PROBABLY ISN'T TURNED THE RIGHT WAY. SIGNALS ARE HARD TO PICK UP WAY OUT HERE N THE SWAMP.





WHERE IN TOWN, POP?

ANYPLACE THEY HAVE GOOD TELEVISION RECEPTION!



LATER THAT DAY...



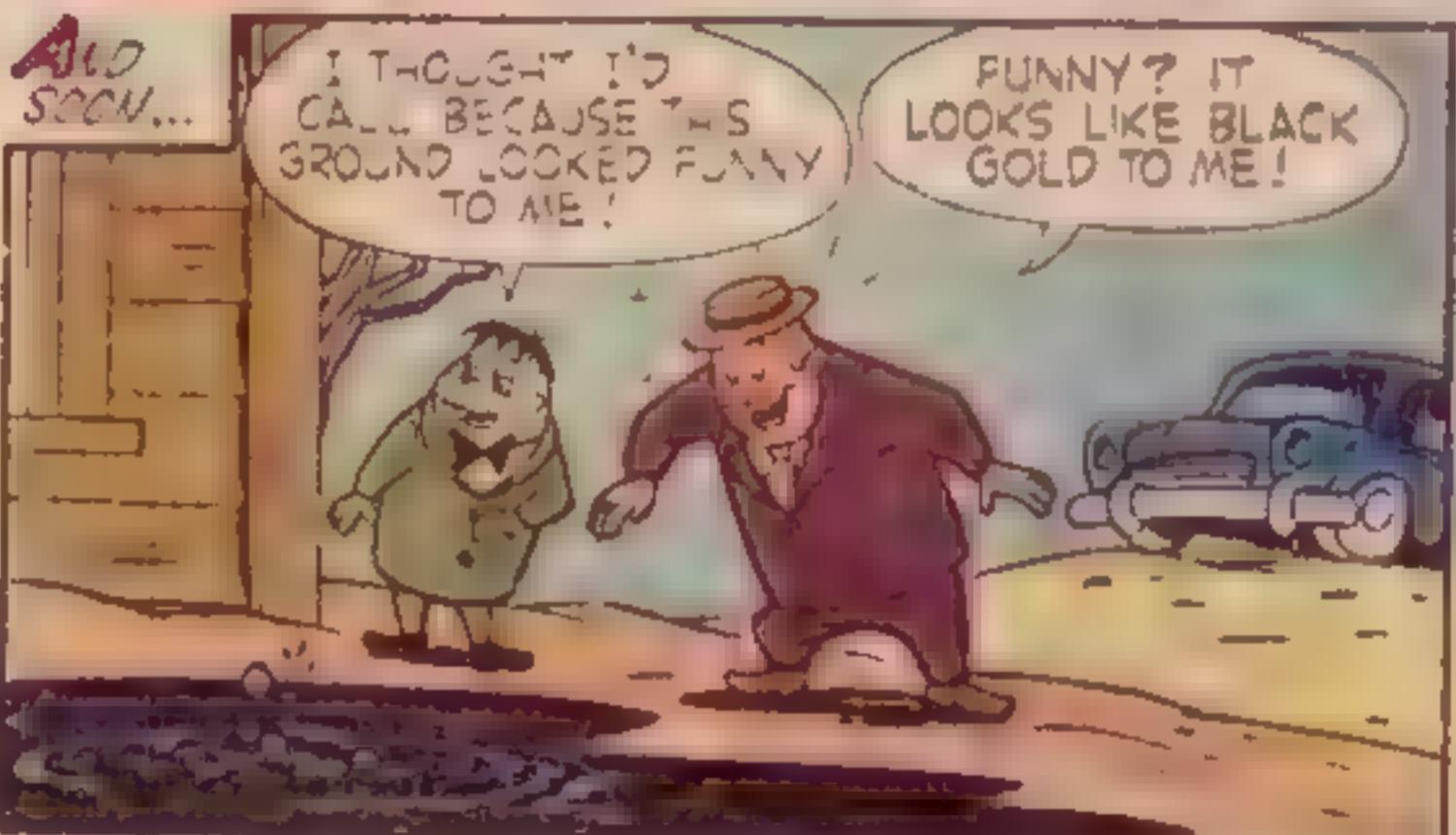
IF PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO BUY MY HOUSE, MAYBE I CAN MAKE SOMEBODY THINK THE LAND IS VALUABLE! THIS THING PUMPS OIL INTO THE GROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE!



NOW TO CALL A LOCAL OIL COMPANY!



ALO SOON...



FUNNY? IT LOOKS LIKE BLACK GOLD TO ME!

SIR, THIS LAND IS SATURATED WITH OIL! WE'LL PAY YOU ANY PRICE YOU WANT FOR IT!

I'LL SETTLE FOR A NEW HOUSE IN TOWN WITH A COLOR TV!

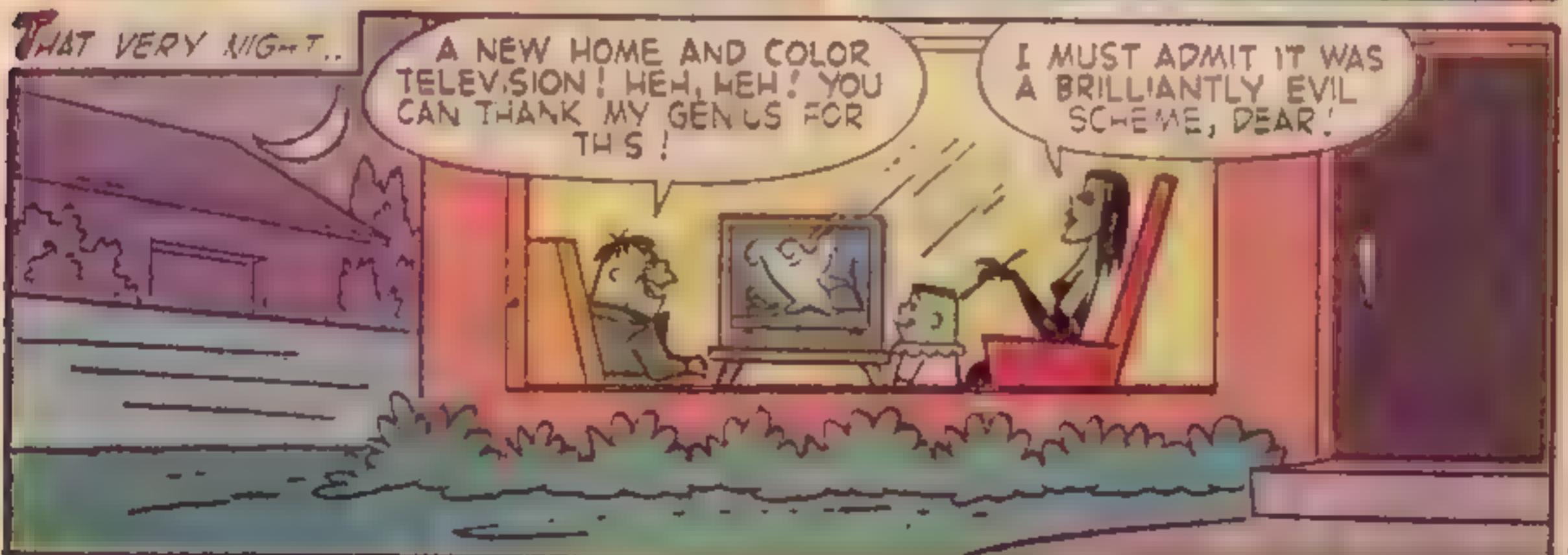


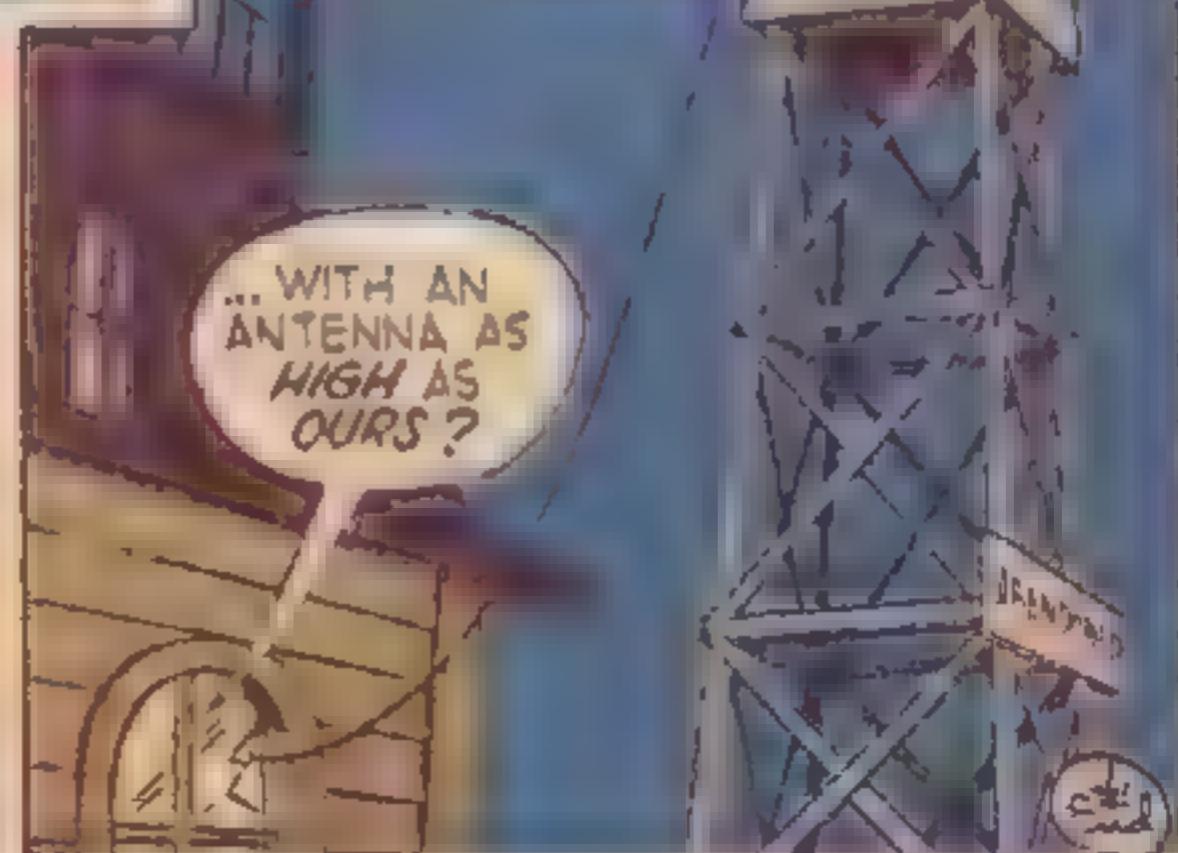
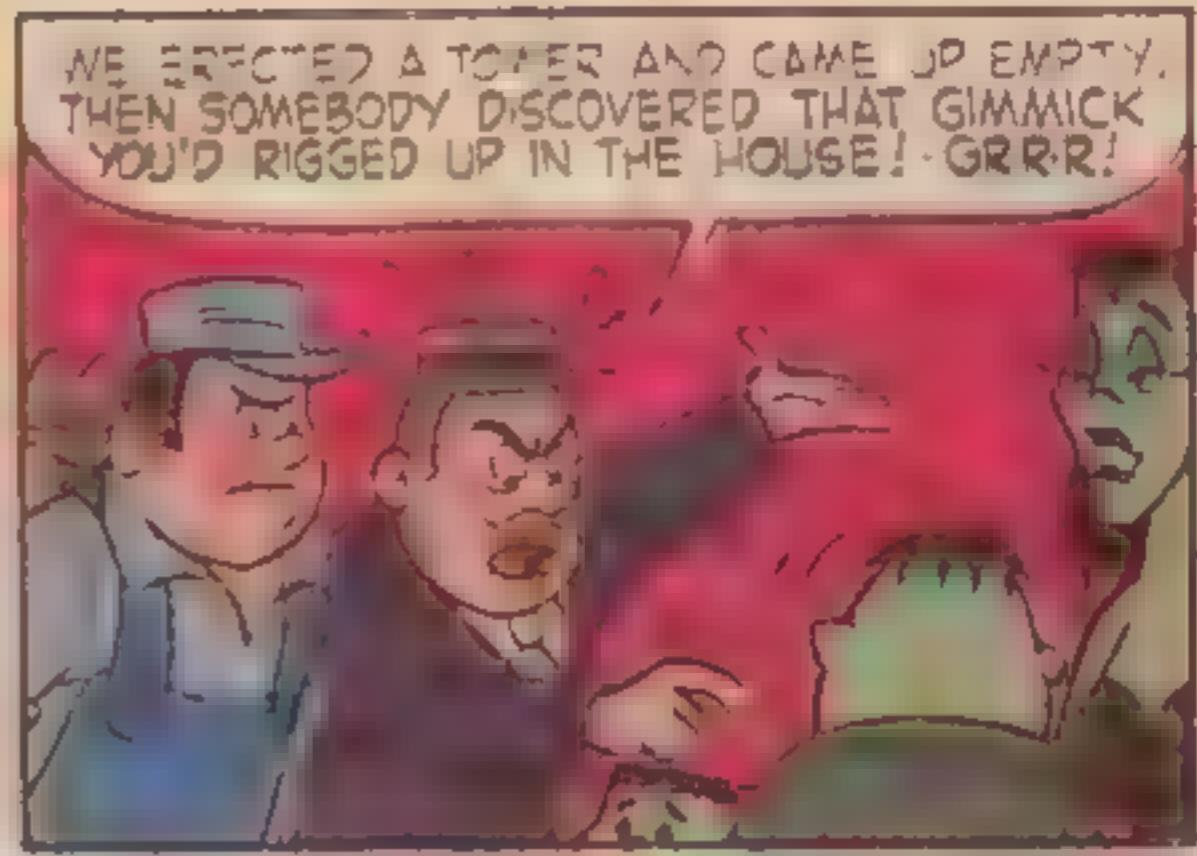
IT'S A DEAL...

PACK THE COBWEBS, GOONDA! WE'RE MOVING!



THAT VERY NIGHT...





# Going Batty



Perry Gunnite dashed into the Dankee Stadium locker room and found Homer Runn sitting dejectedly on the bench.

"I've lost my lucky bat," sighed Homer. "I can't find it anywhere. We've got a big game coming up in an hour and I just can't get a hit without my lucky bat! If you don't trace it for me by game time, I'm done. It's got a big 'R' on the handle."

"Don't worry, Homer," replied Perry. "I'll find that bat or my name isn't Homer Runn. Oh, wait a minute, that's your name, isn't it? Well, I'll find your bat, anyway."

Soon, Perry returned sadly to the locker room to give Homer the bad news. He'd gone through the whole stadium . . . even searched under all the seats, and he had only found a lot of used chewing gum.

Homer was very upset. "I might as well take a shower and go home!" he grumbled to his teammate, Peter Popoff.

When Homer opened the shower door he got a big surprise. Two kids were huddled inside with his baseball bat. They dashed from the locker room before Homer could grab them.

"Save your strength for the game," Perry yelled. "I'll catch them, or my name isn't . . . isn't . . . well, I'll catch them. . . ?"

Perry chased the two kids out of the stadium and across the street, cleverly cornering them in a vacant lot.

"Okay, kids, where's the bat?" he asked.

"We dropped it in the street," cried one of the little boys. "Honest!"

Sure enough, the bat was lying in the street. But before Perry could get to it, a big truck rolled right over the bat, breaking it into splinters.

Perry was very angry with the boys, but his heart softened a little when they broke

into tears and told them Homer was their hero and they only wanted the bat for a souvenir. He figured the kids had been punished enough and let them go. Perry might not be able to remember his own name, but he could remember what it's like to be a kid.

He walked back into the stadium, hating to tell Homer the news. As he passed a rack of bats, he had an idea. He grabbed one of them and sneaked into a side room.

"This lucky bat stuff is superstition anyway," he mused. "I'll carve an 'R' on this bat, and Homer won't know the difference."

Then Perry noticed that the bat already had a big "P" carved on it. But that was no problem. He just added a little line and the "P" became an "R."

"I found your bat, Homer," smiled Perry.

"Hooray! I better get right into the game," shouted Homer, grabbing the bat from Perry's hand.

Perry's plan worked out fine. Homer didn't know the difference, and he made six home runs with the "lucky" bat . . . leading his team to victory.

After the game, Perry decided to tell Homer the truth so he wouldn't rely on silly things like lucky bats.

Down in the locker room with the other players he told Homer how he altered the "P" to an "R" and gave him another bat.

"Gee, I guess I don't need a lucky bat after all," grinned Homer.

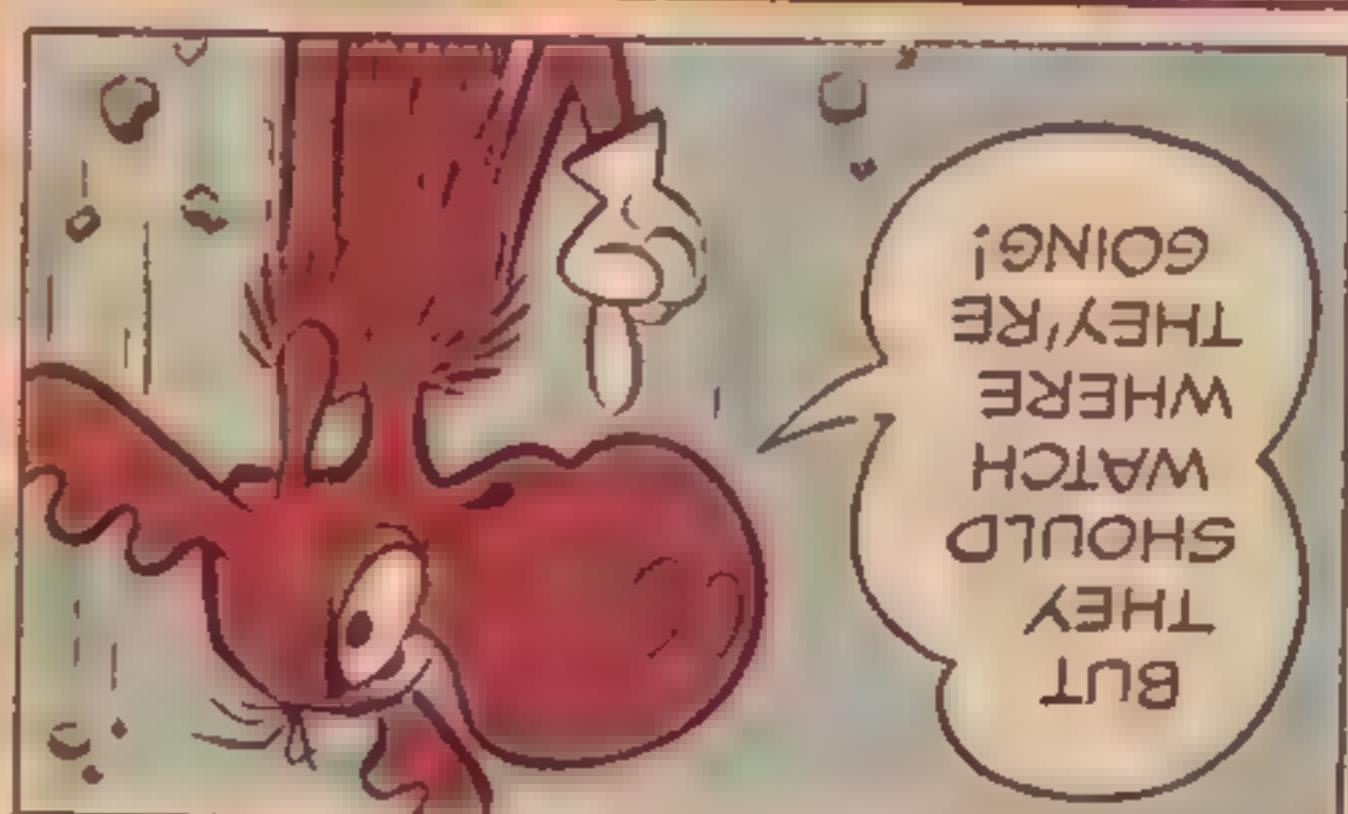
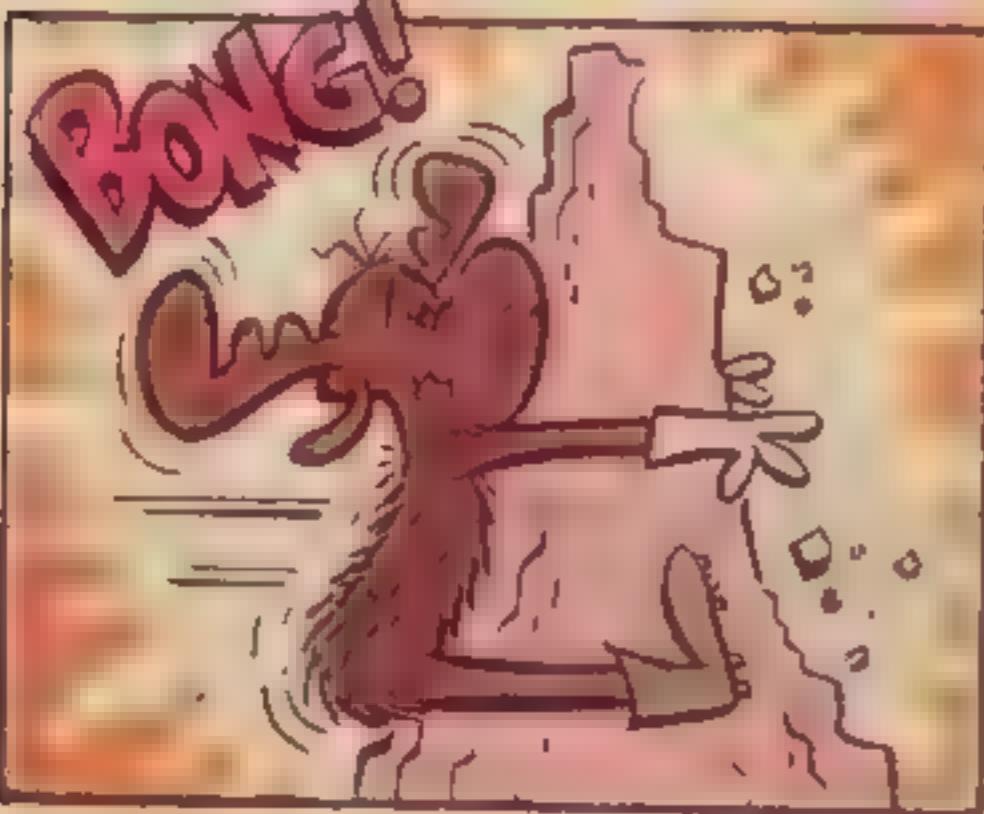
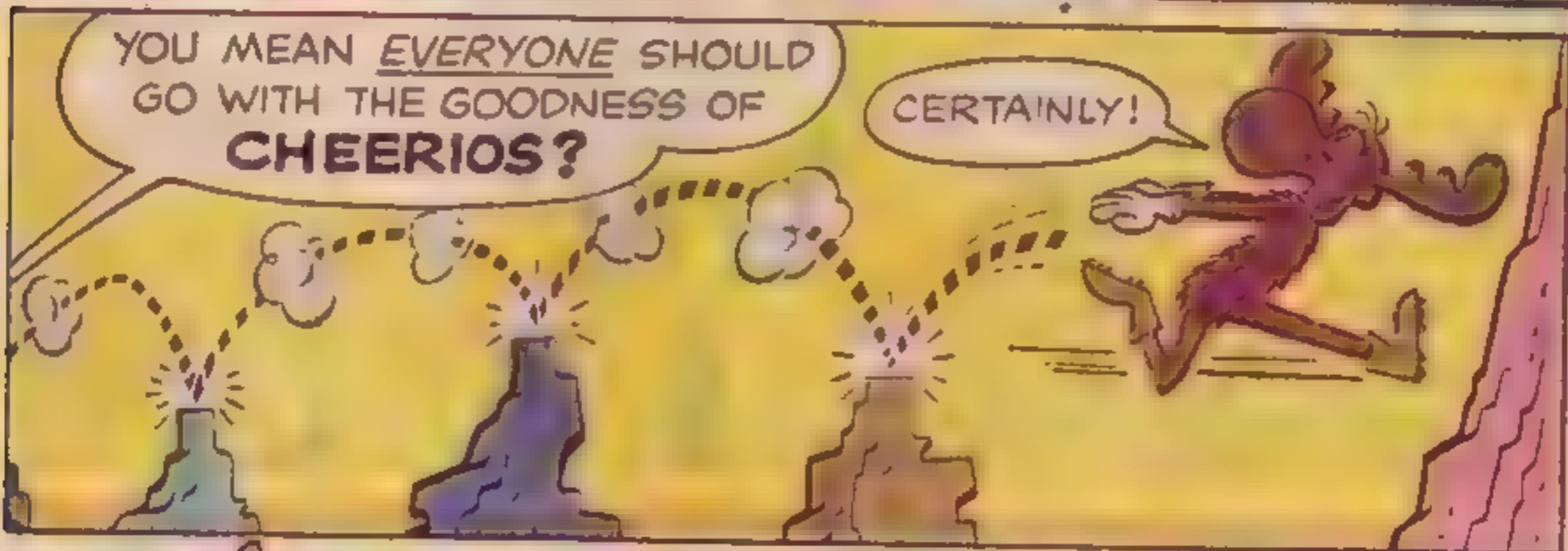
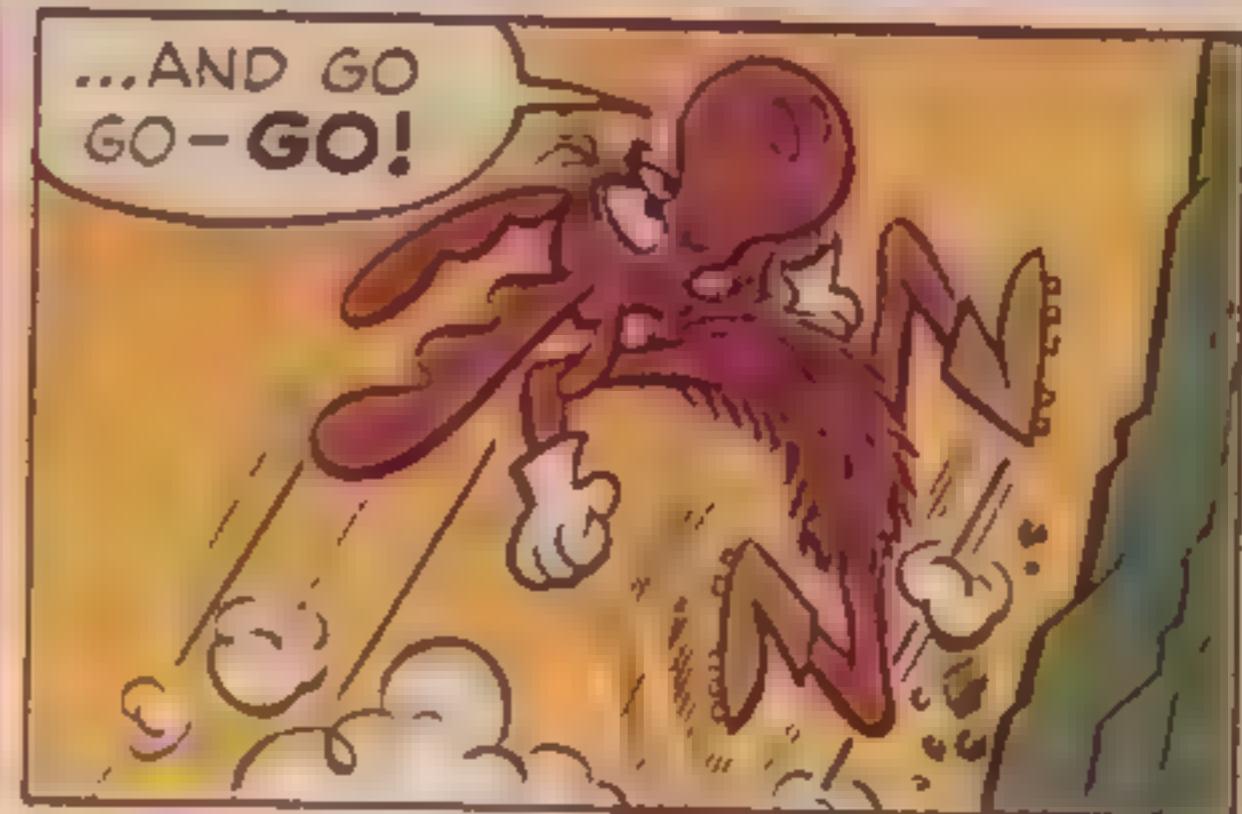
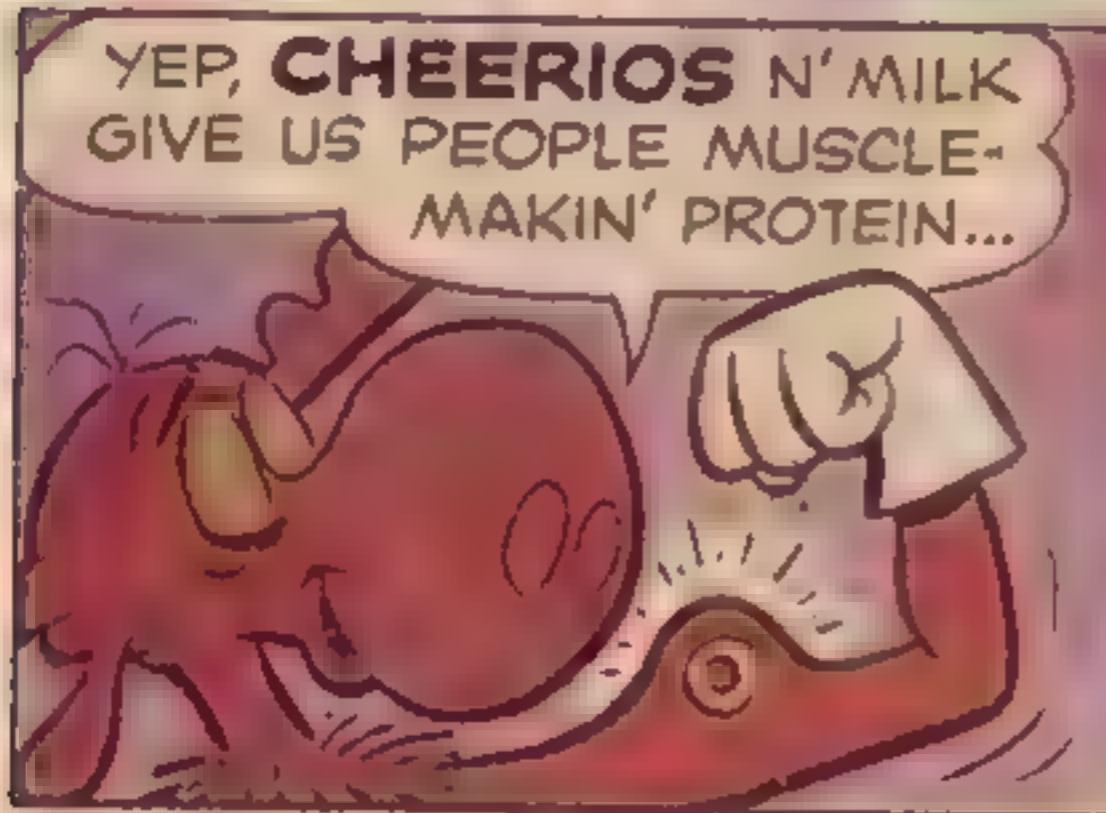
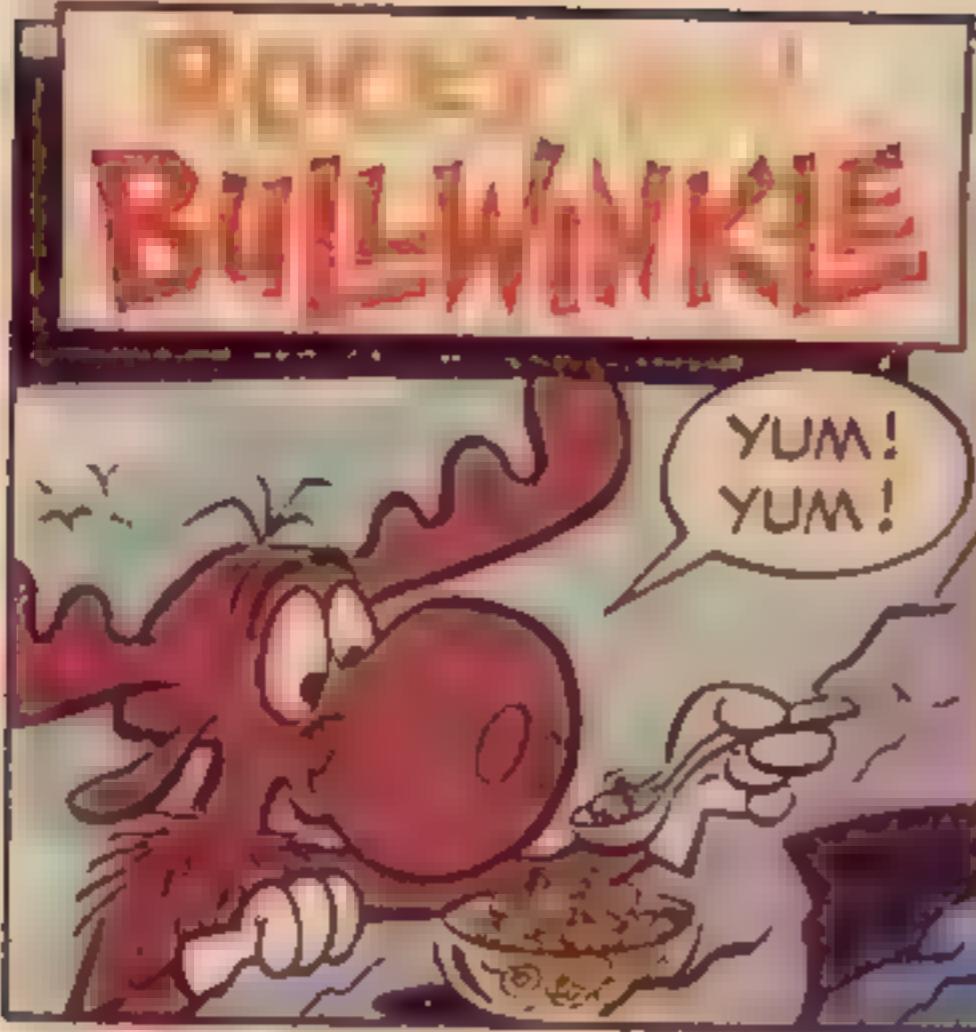
"Grrrr! I do!" yelled Peter Popoff. "That was my lucky bat with a 'P' you swiped. I didn't have it and I struck out six times!"

He lunged angrily at Perry.

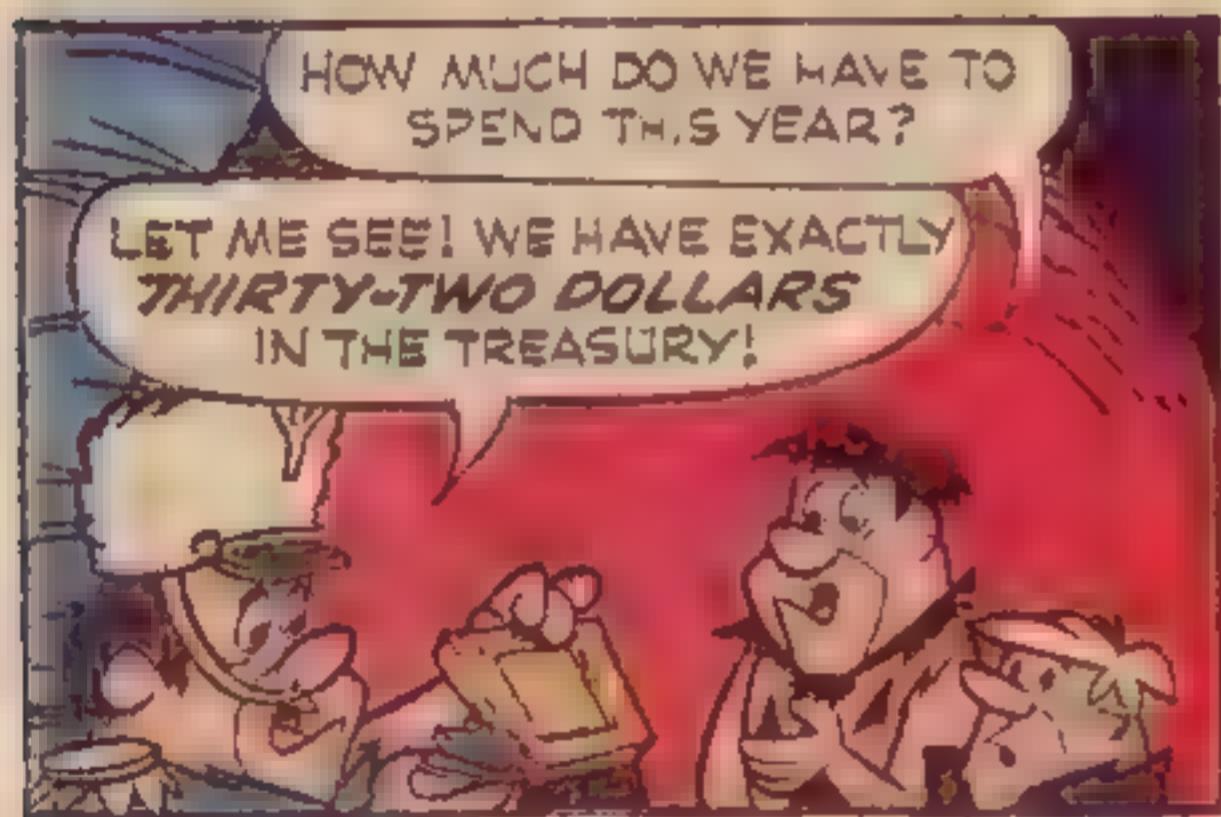
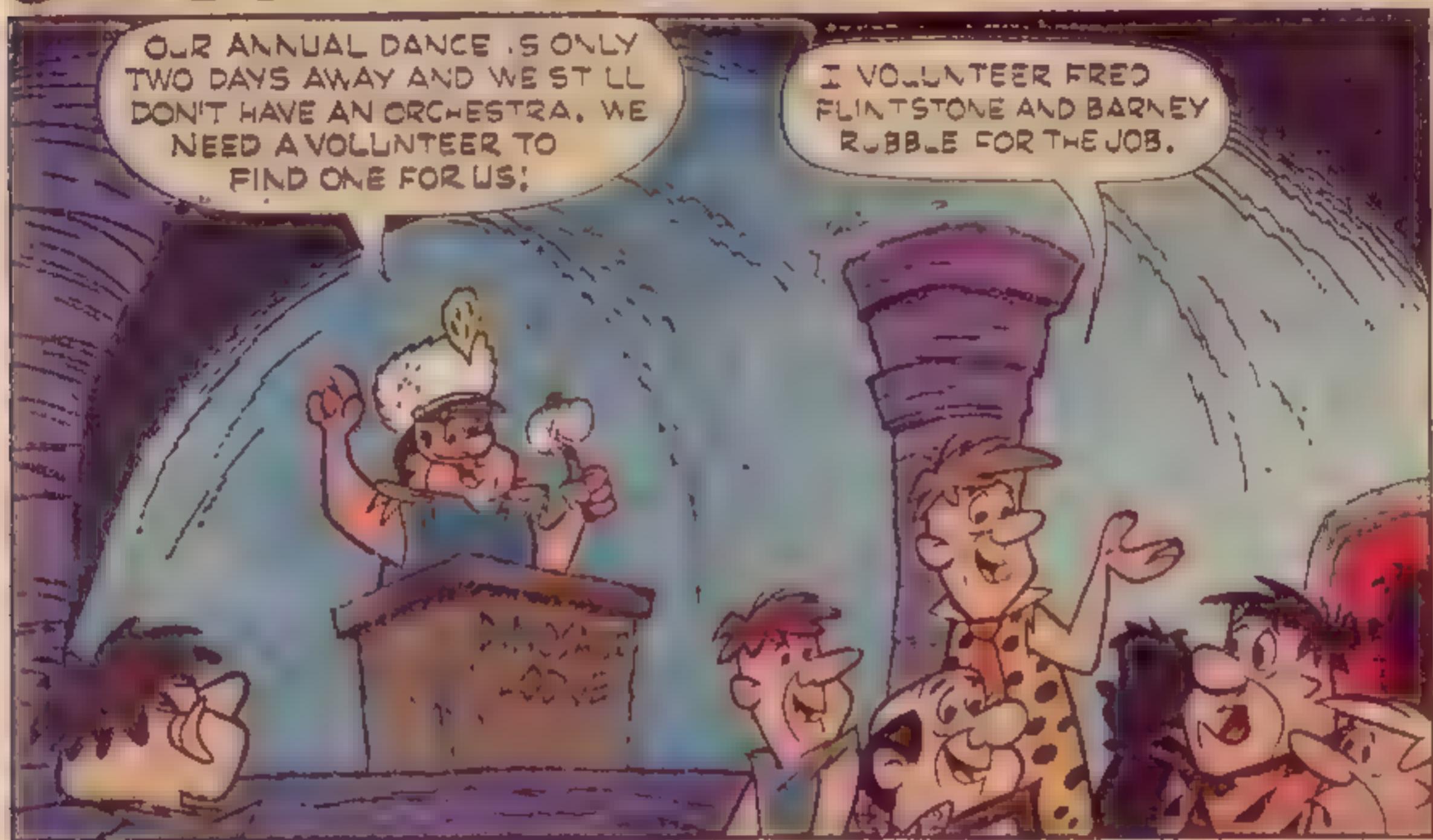
But the story has a happy ending. Perry arrived safe at home before Peter Popoff could strike him out . . . out cold, that is.

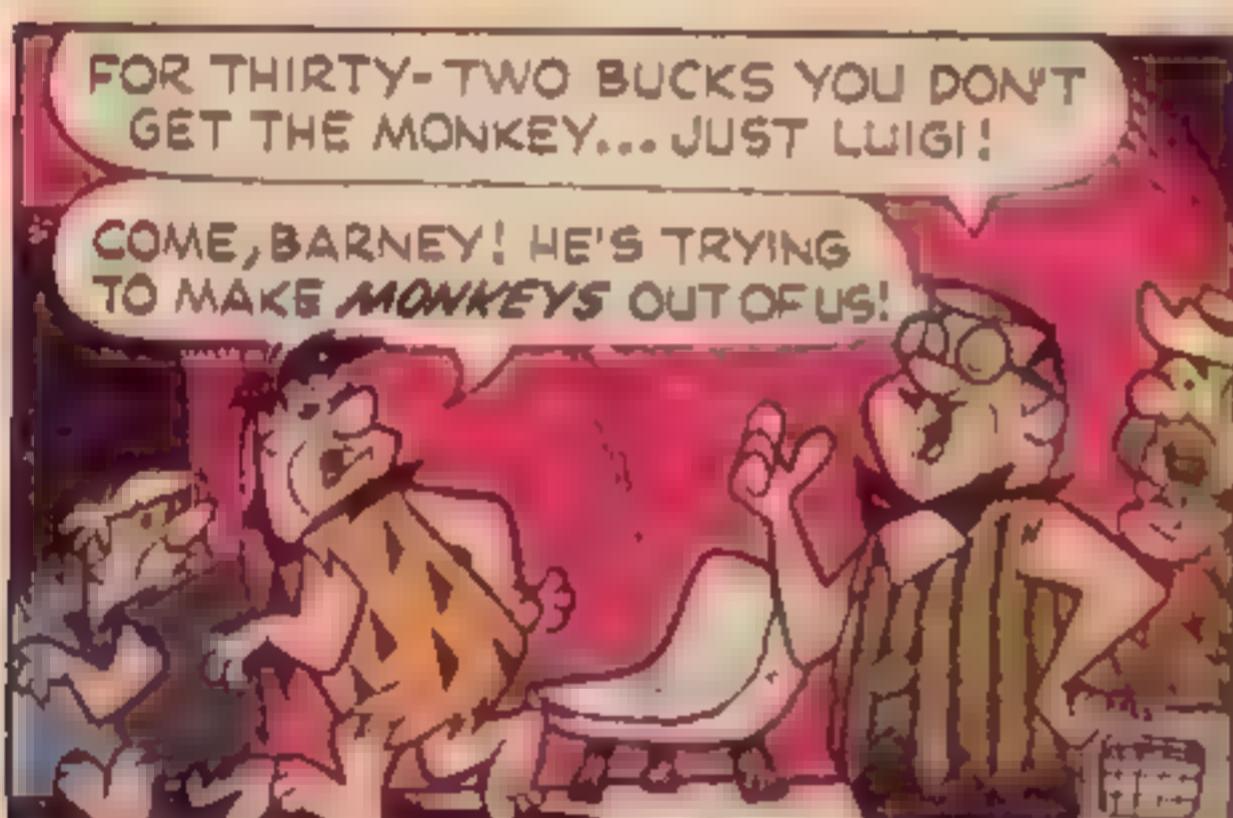
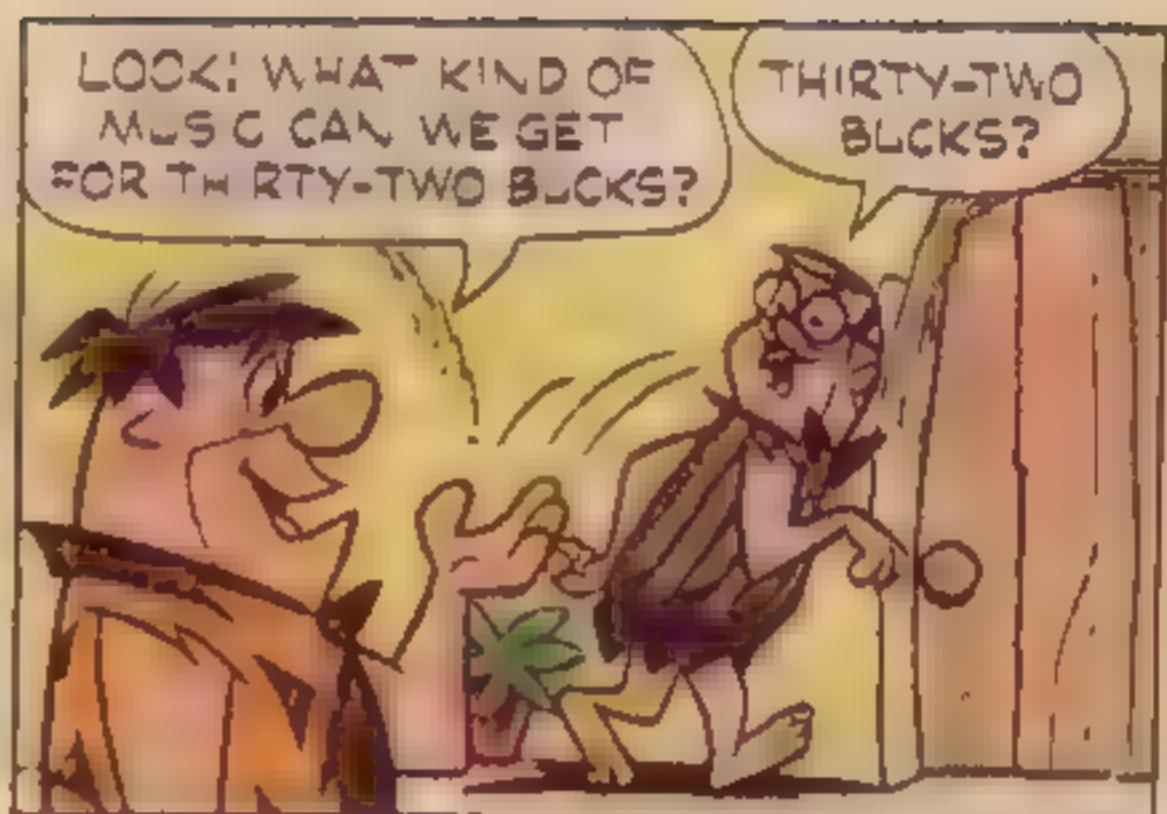
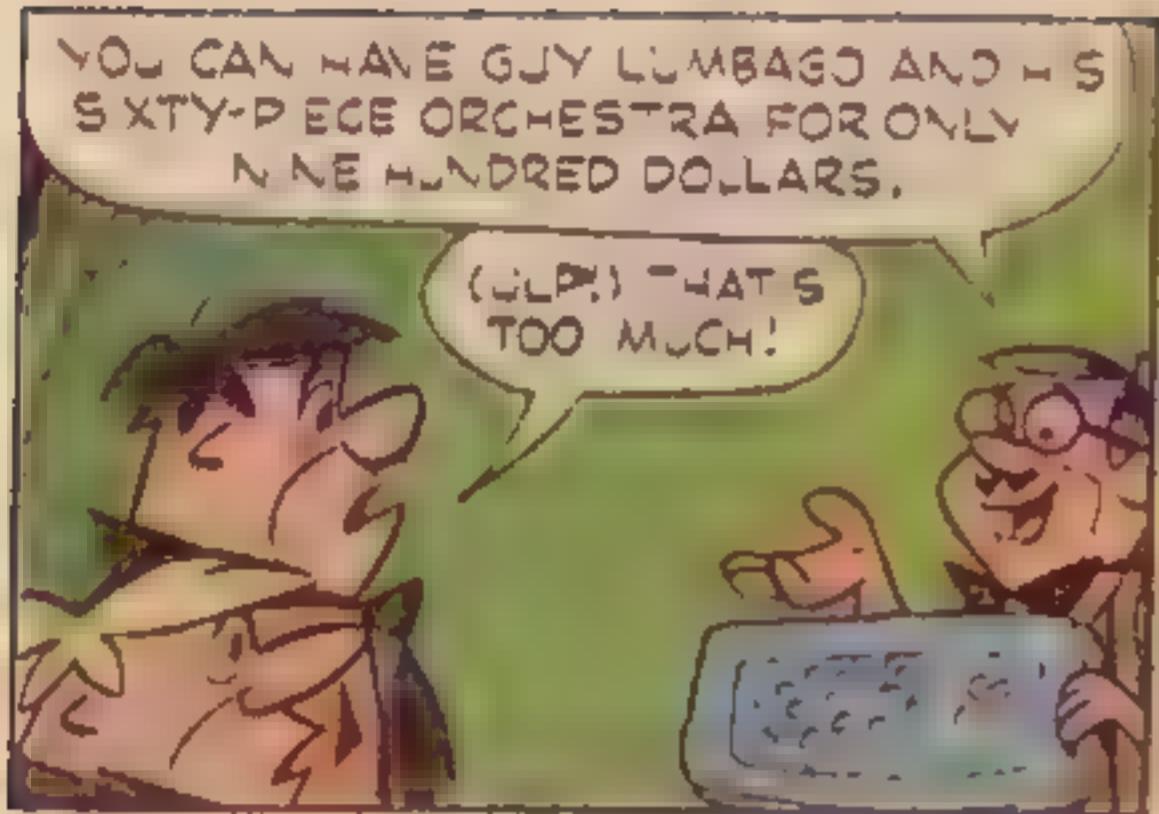
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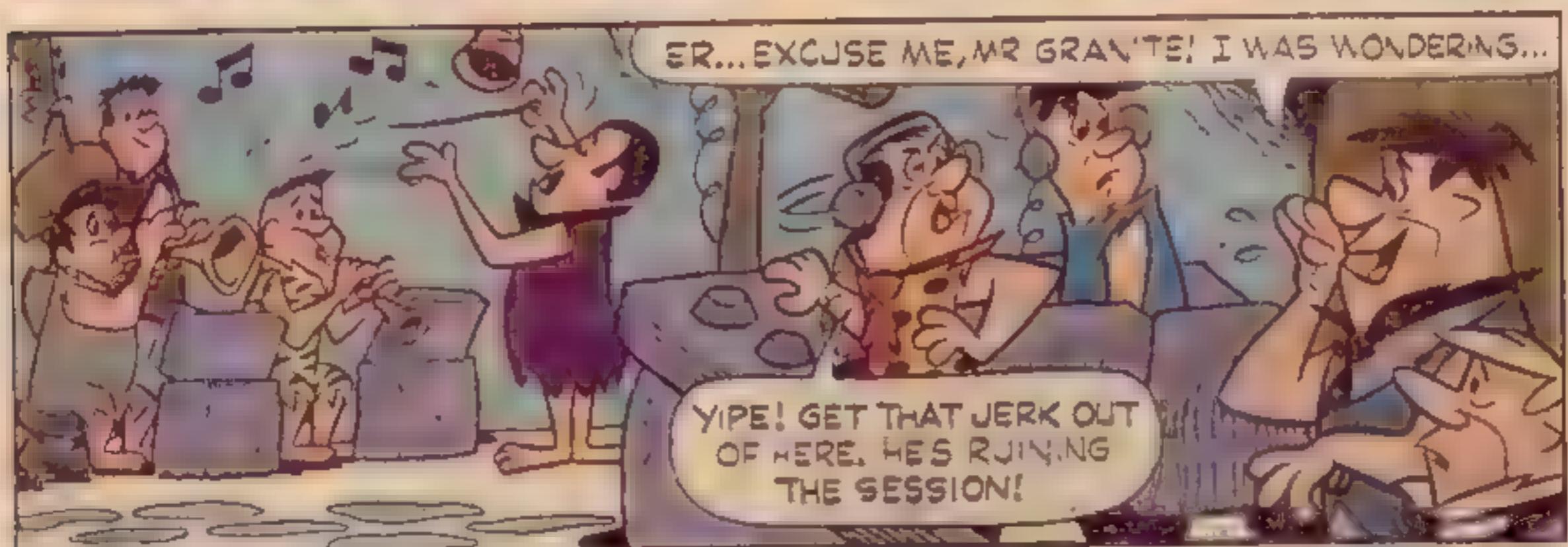
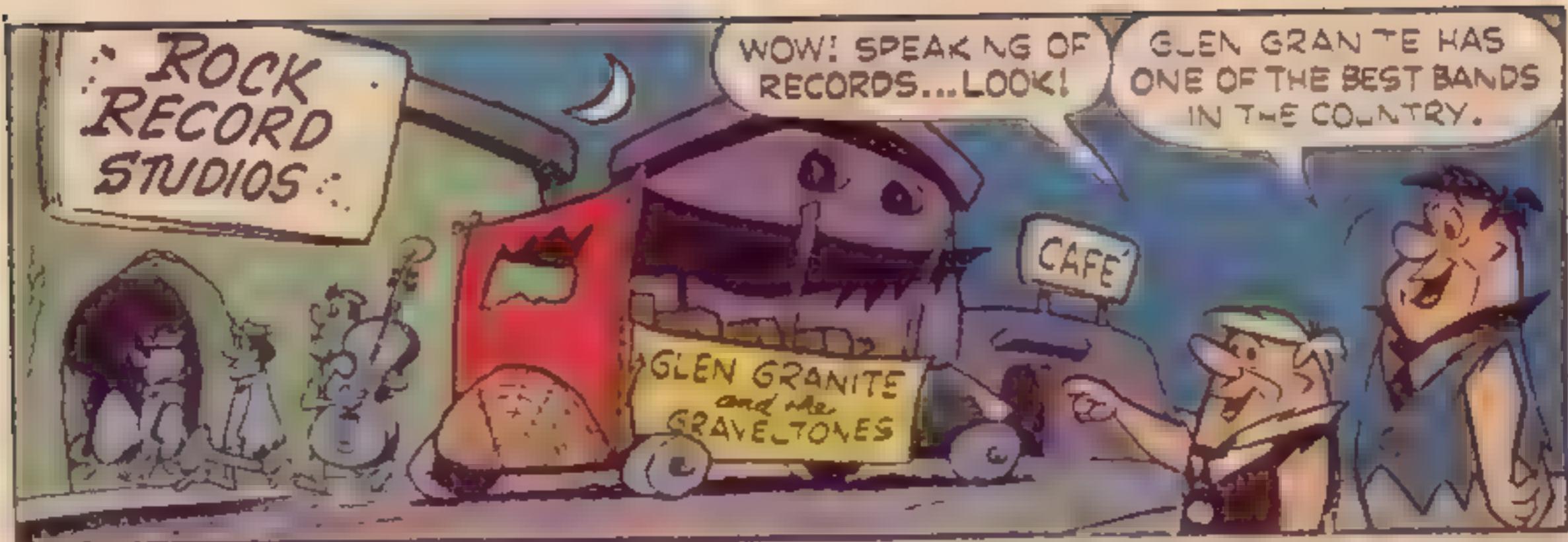
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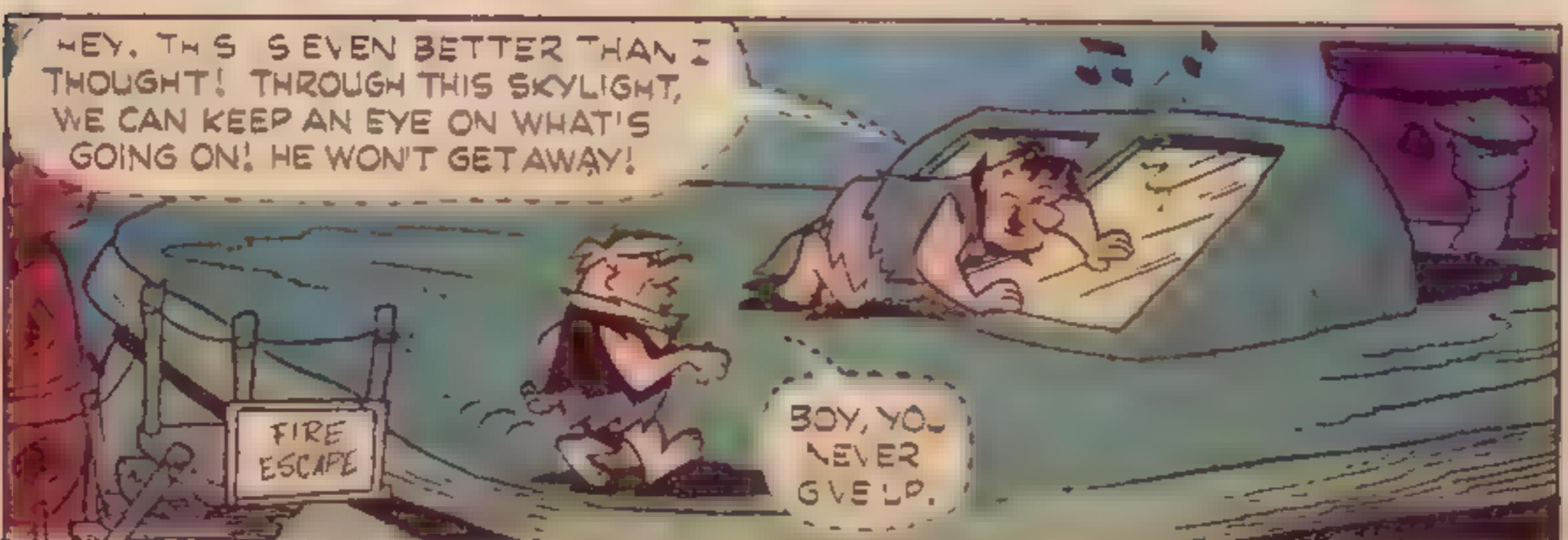
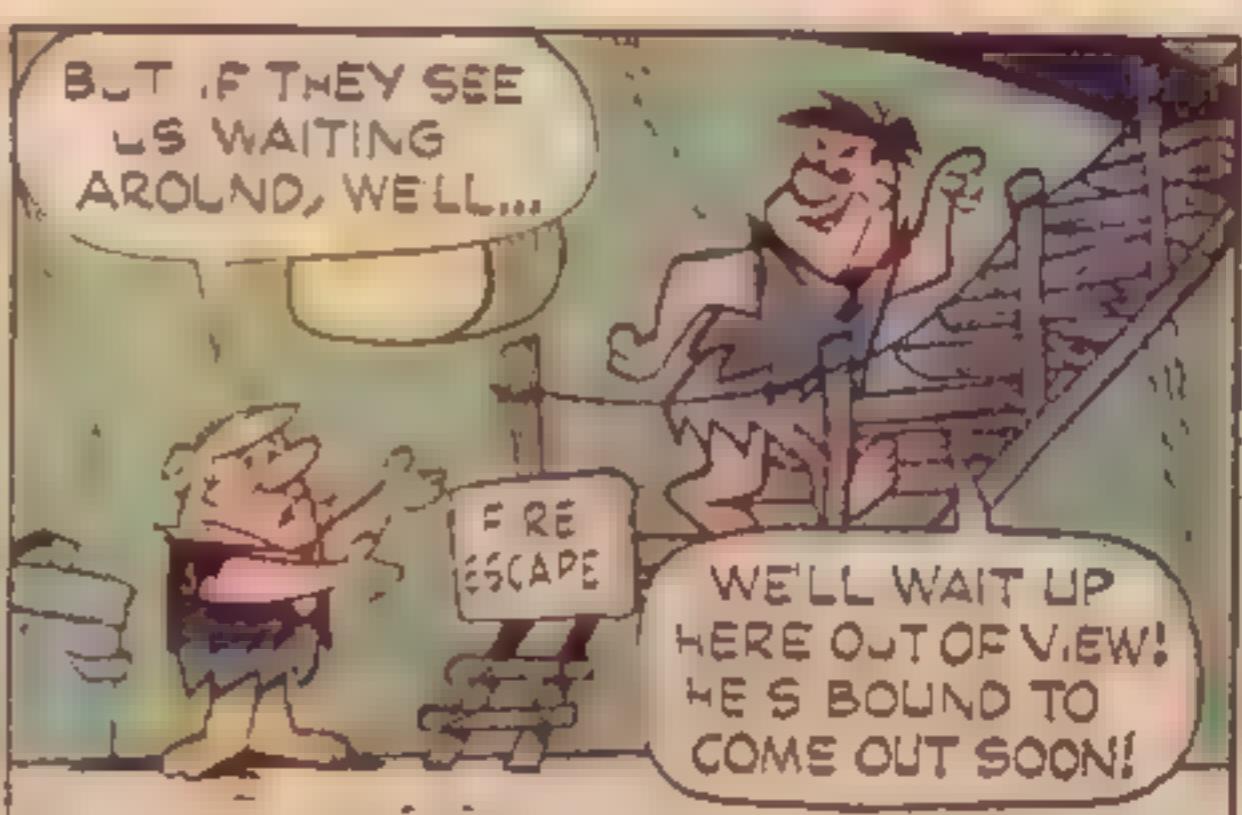
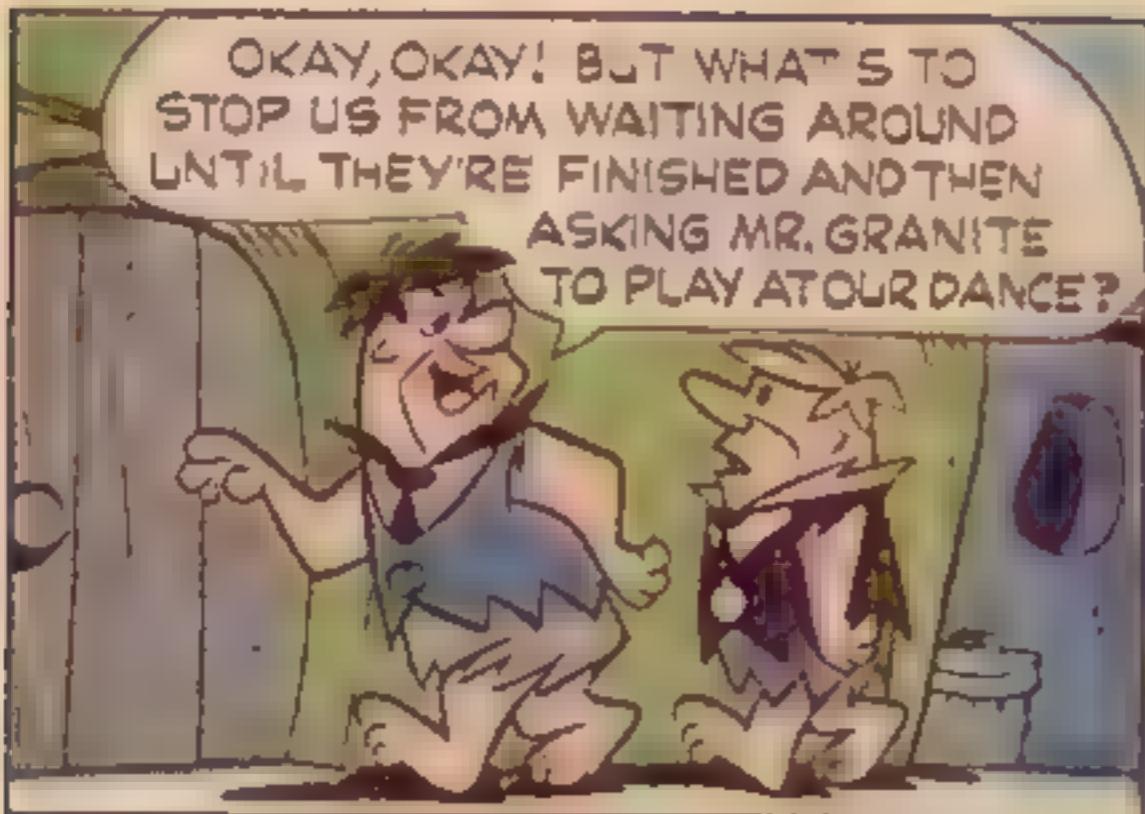
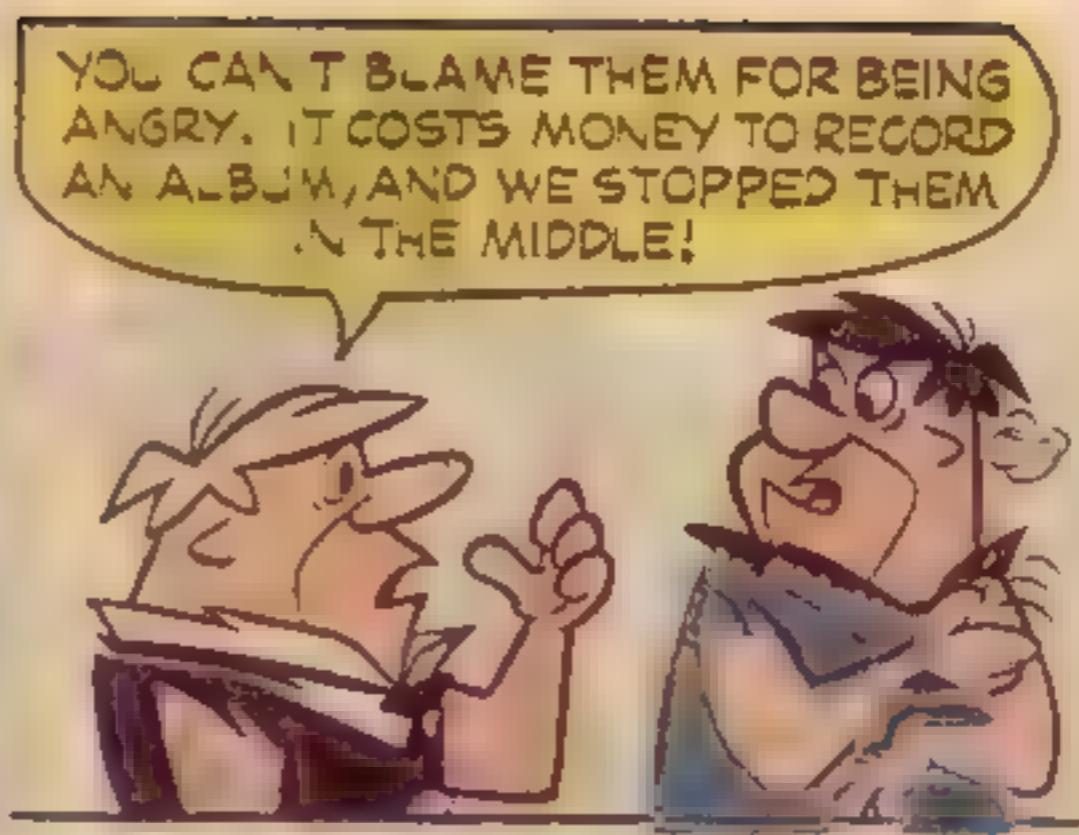


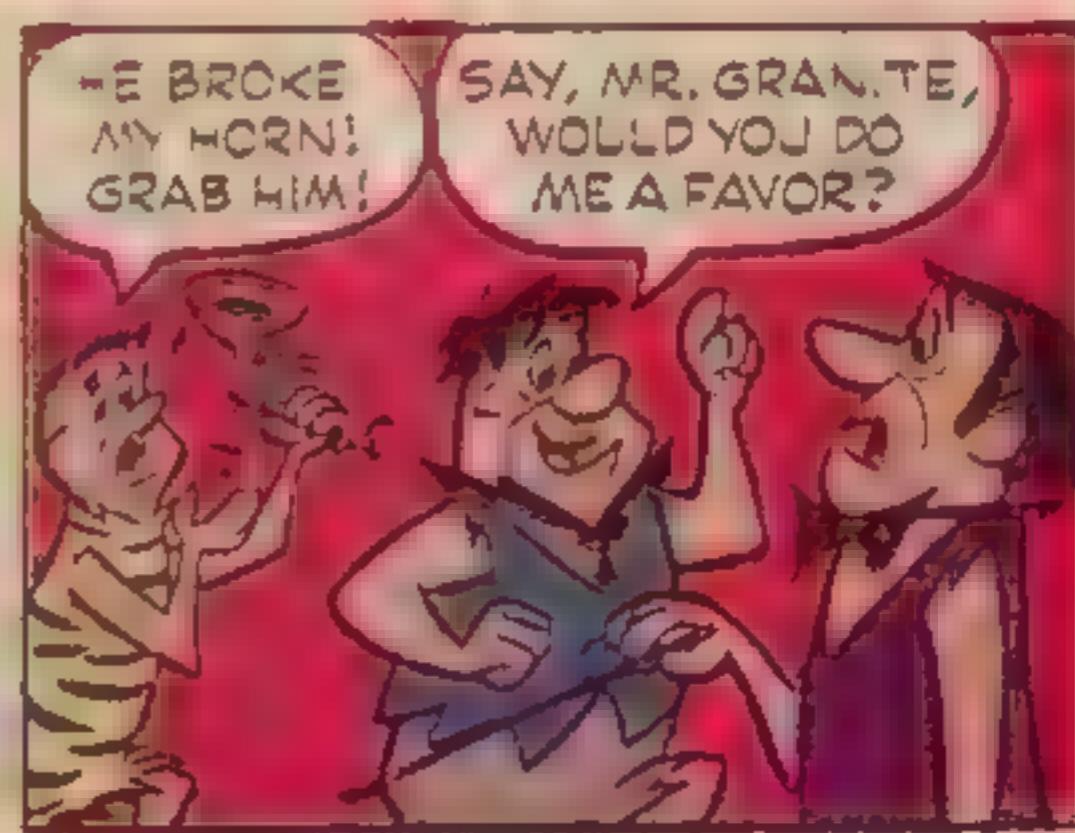
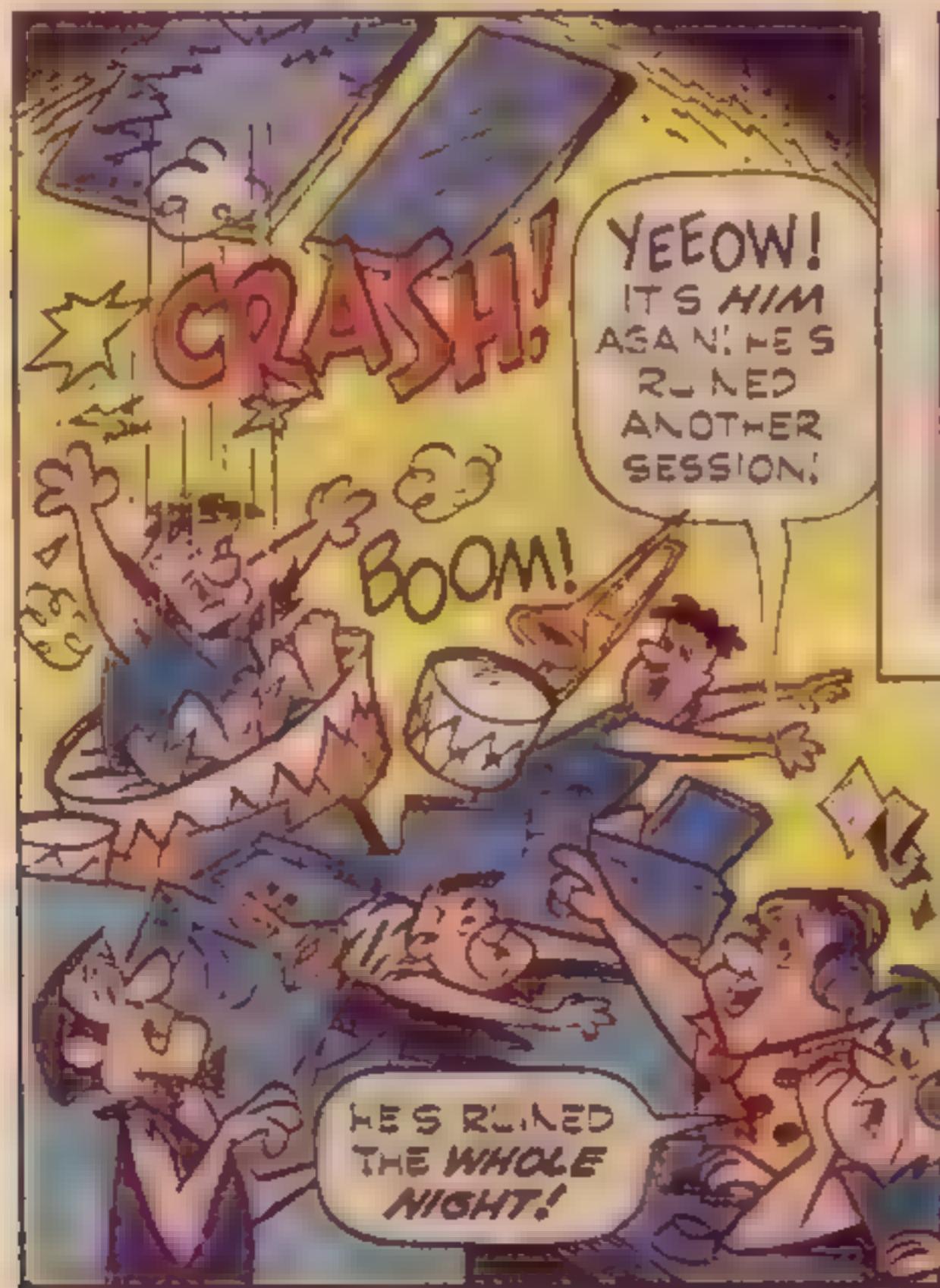
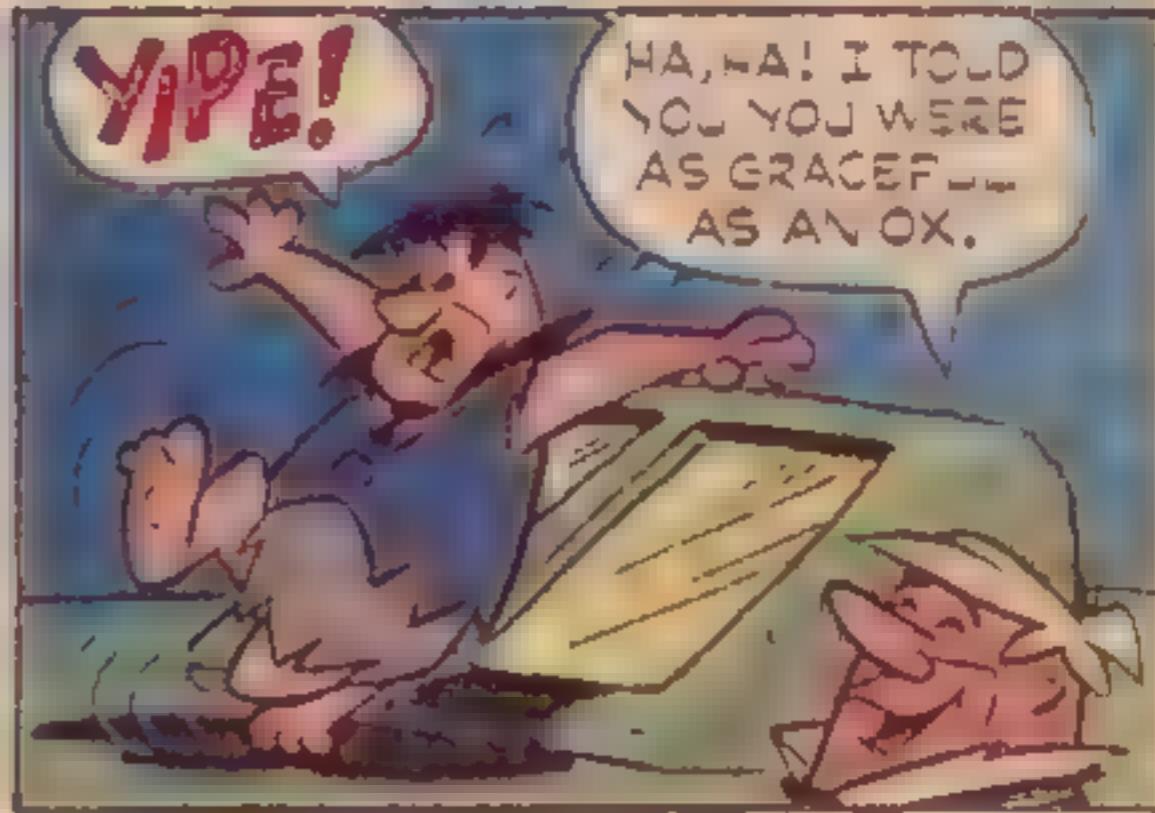
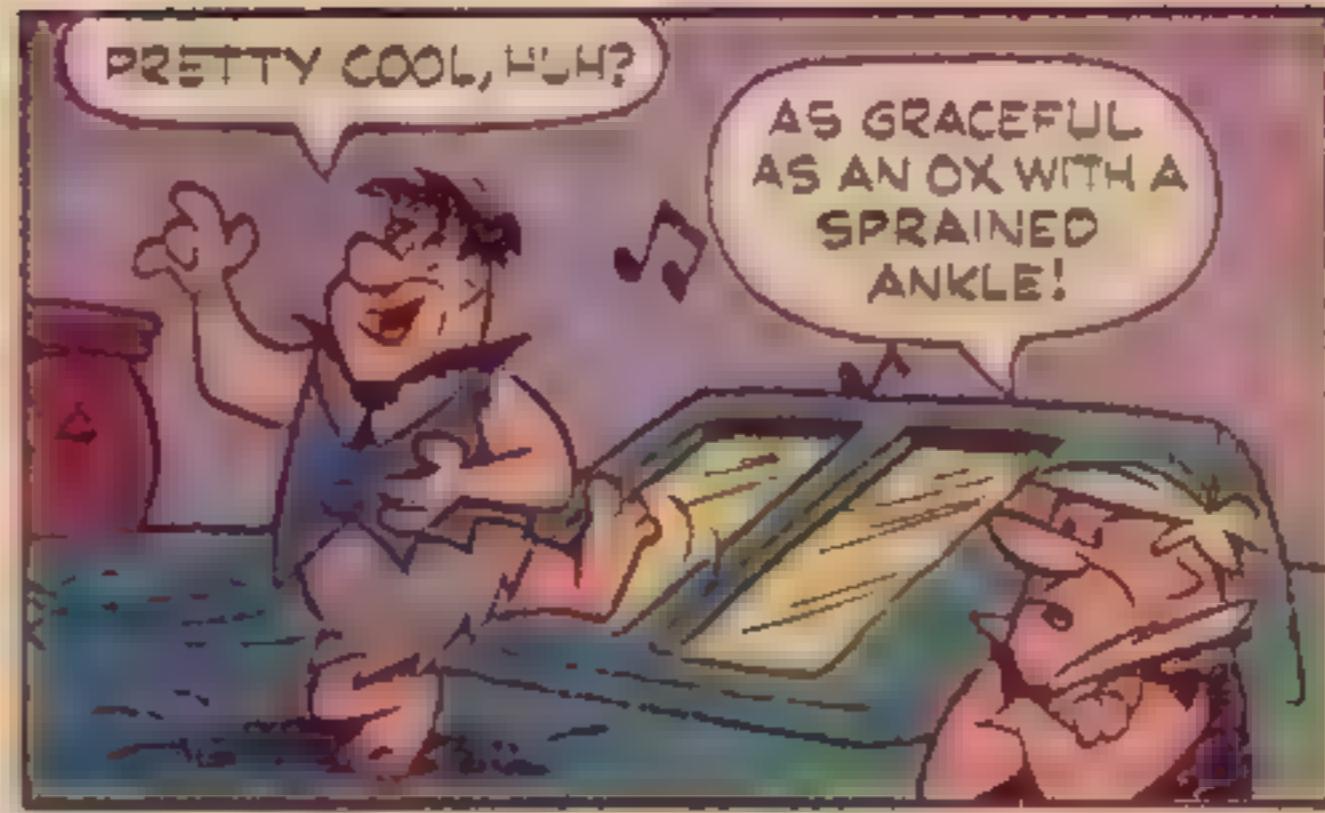
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**JUST FOR THE RECORD**

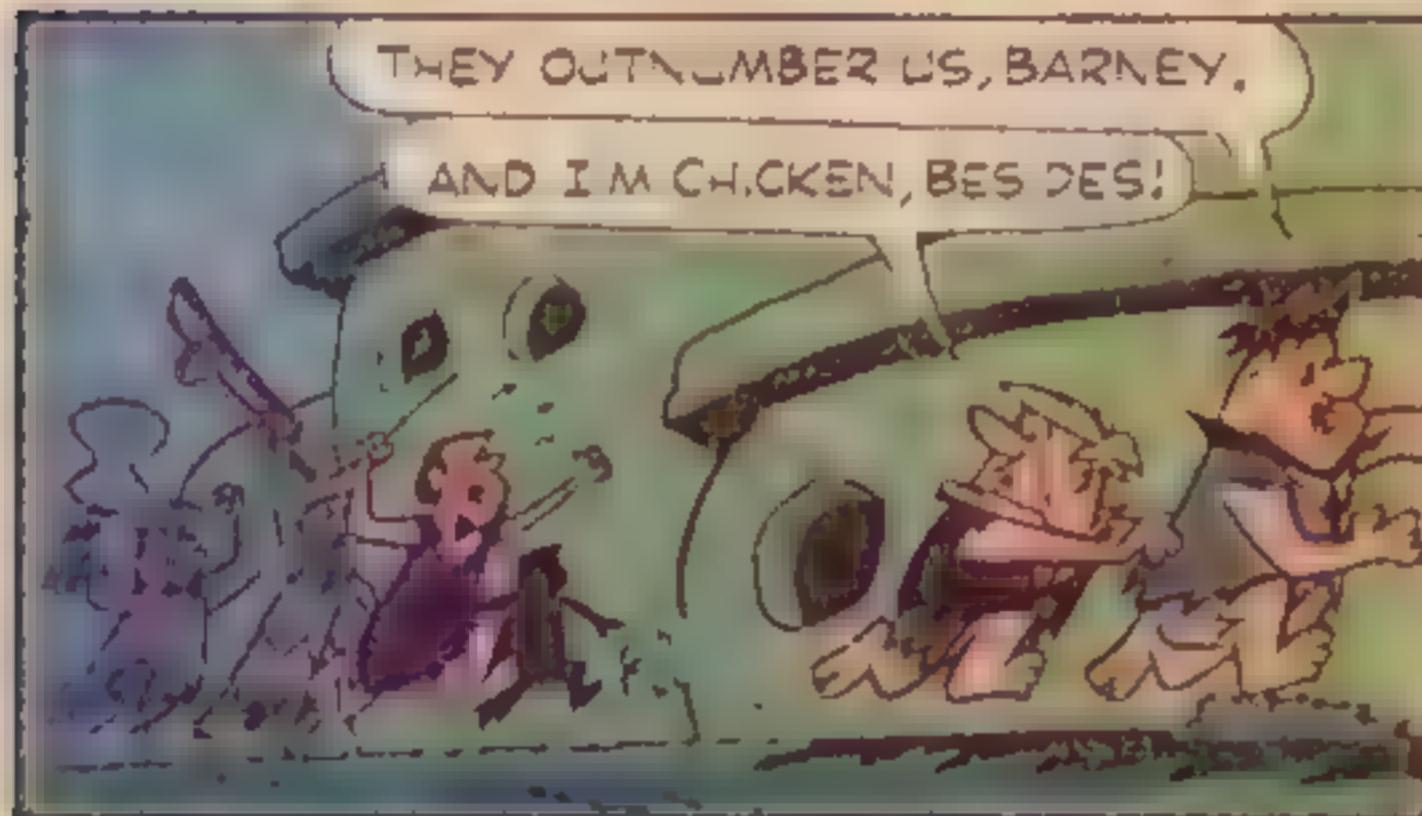


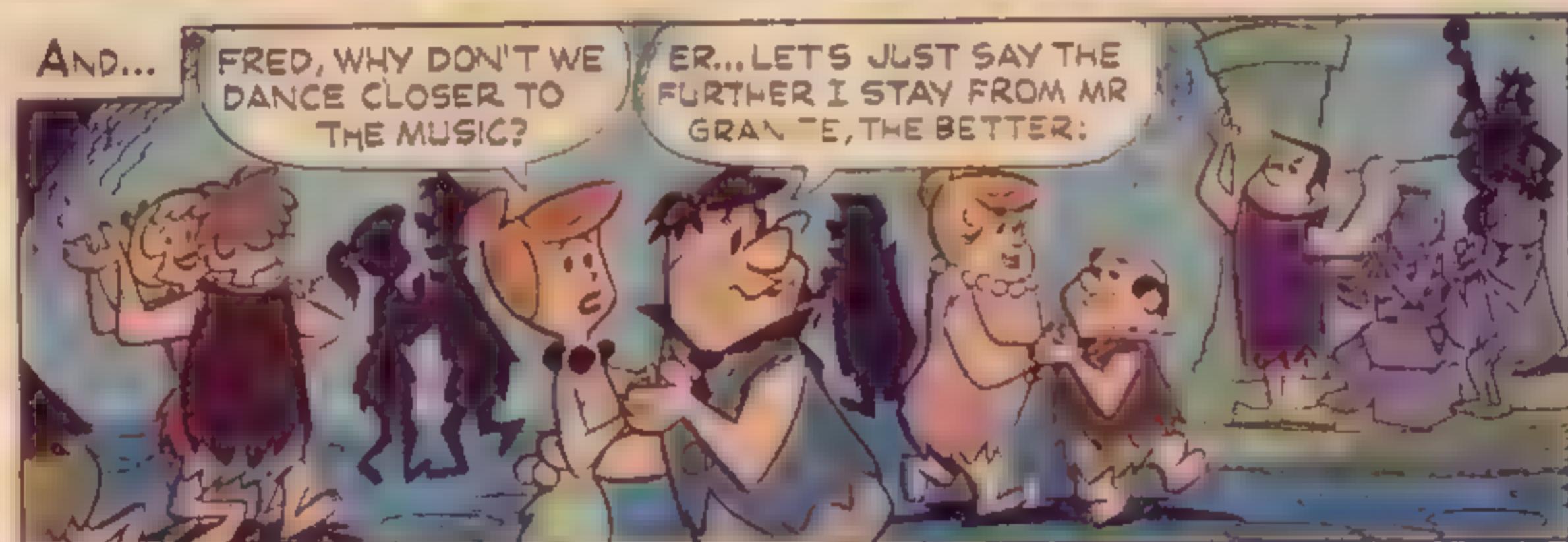
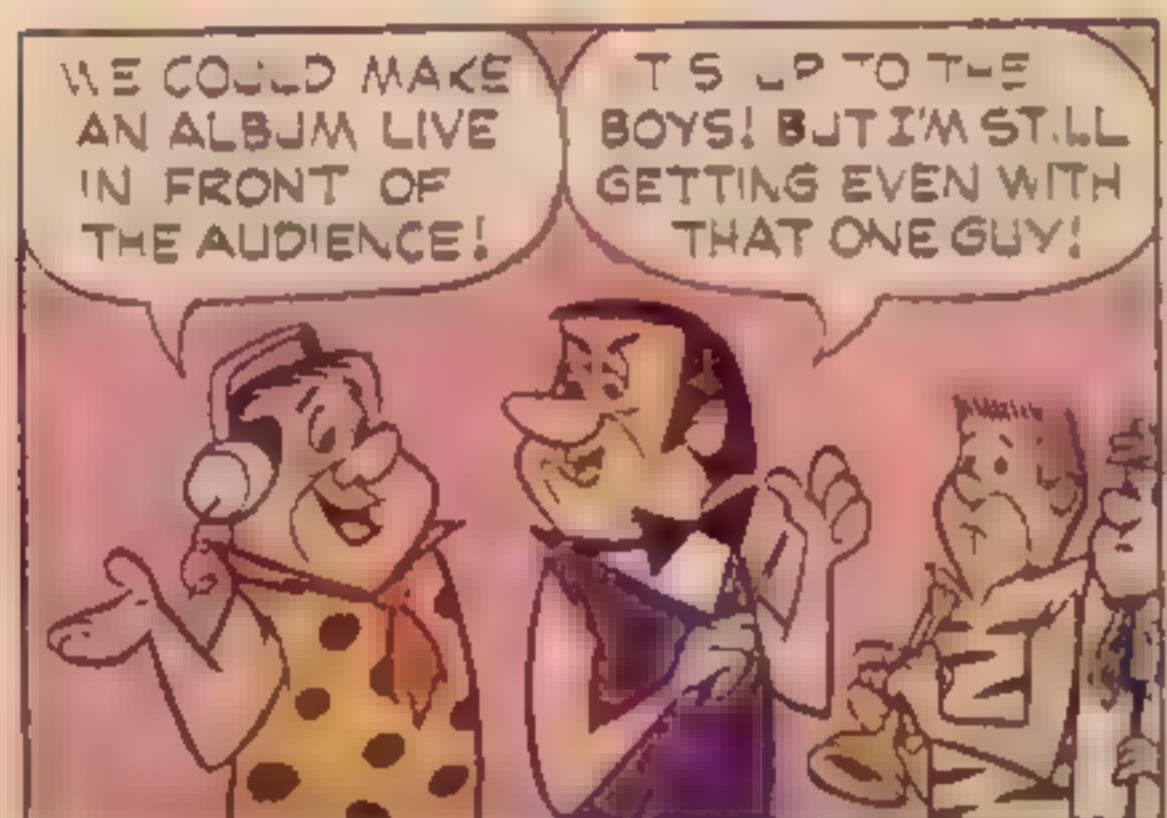
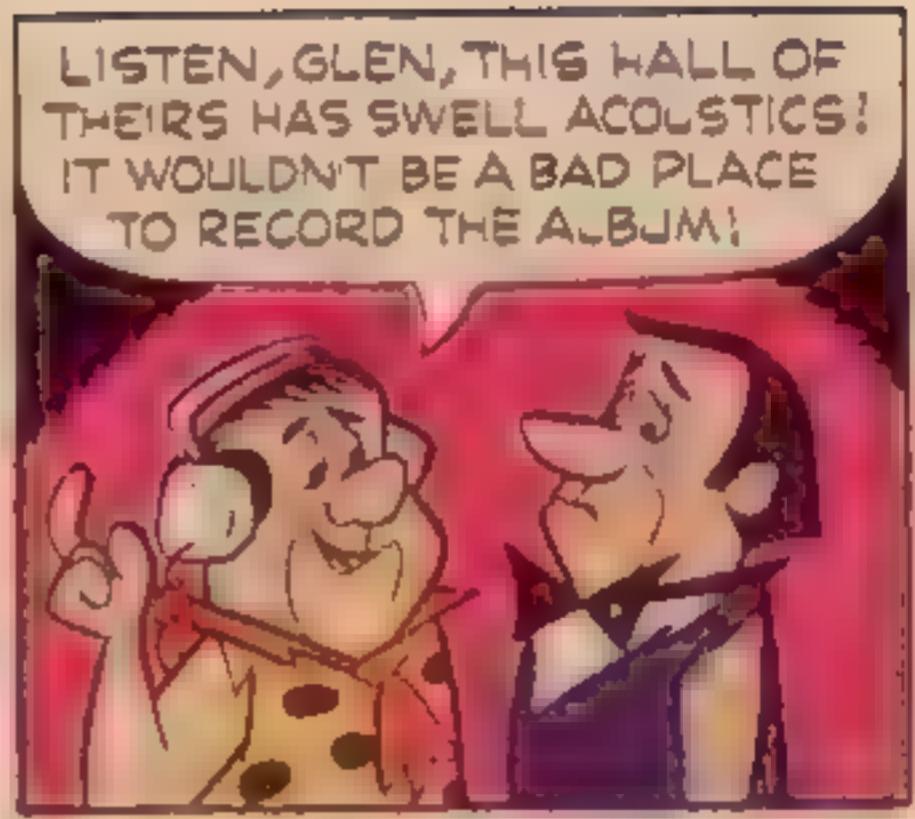
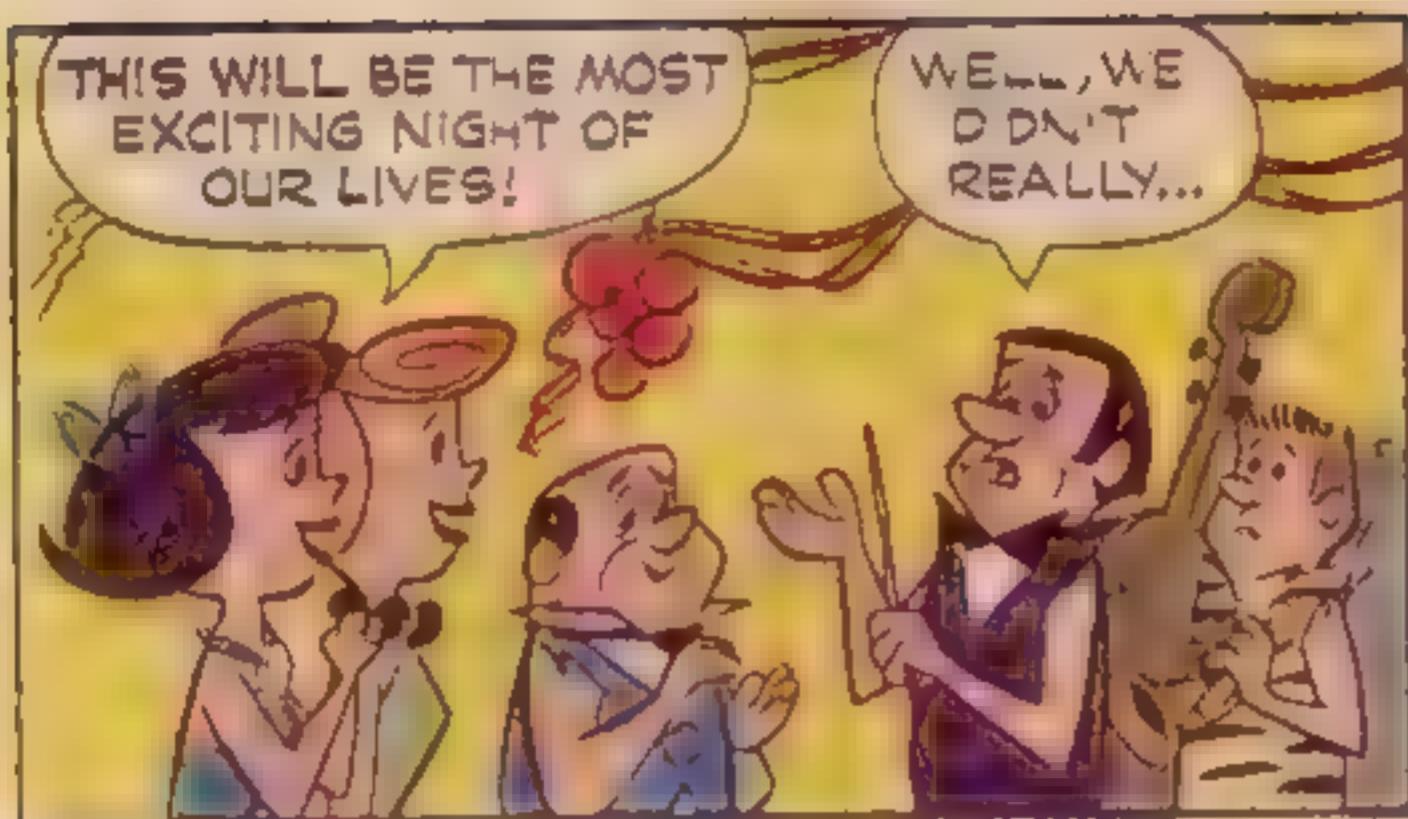












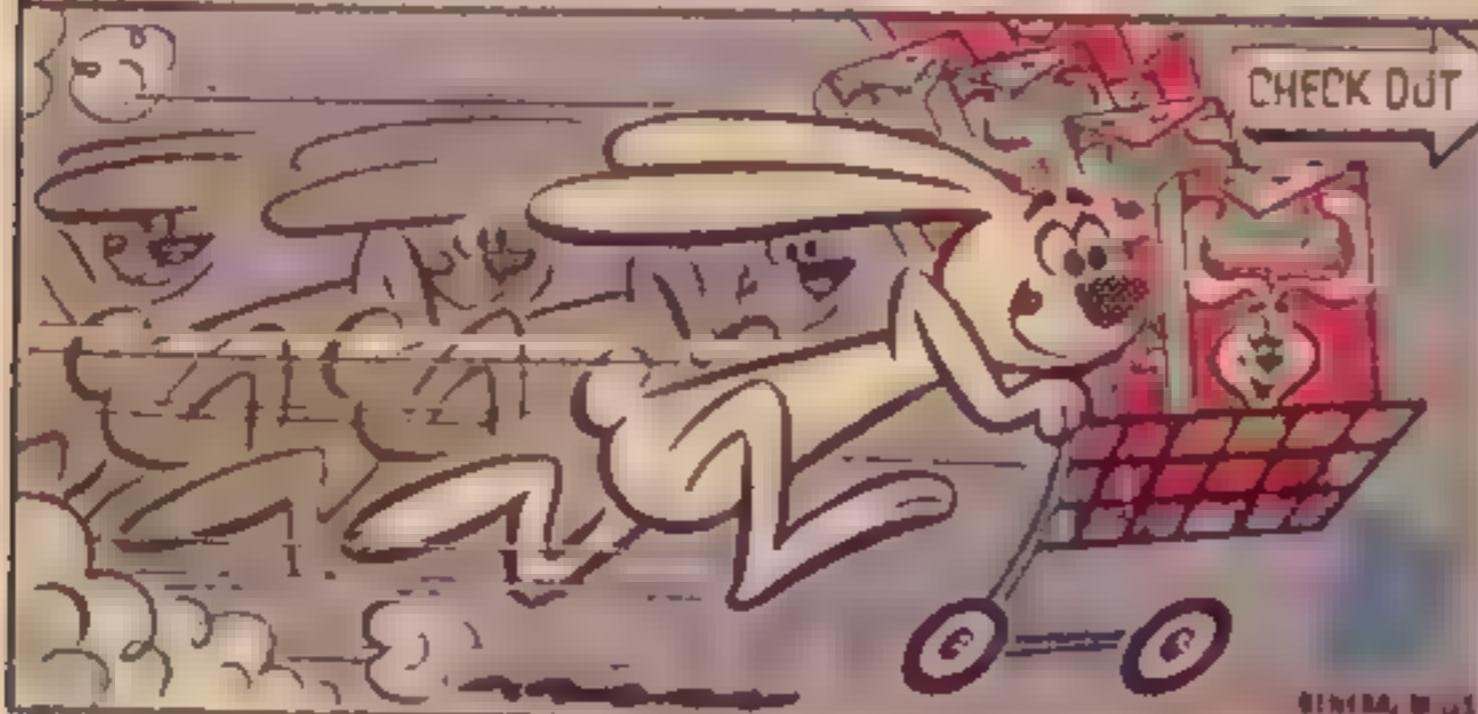
# HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH SHOPPING  
AROUND FOR...

TRIX...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



OUT | **TRIX** ARE  
FOR **KIDS!**



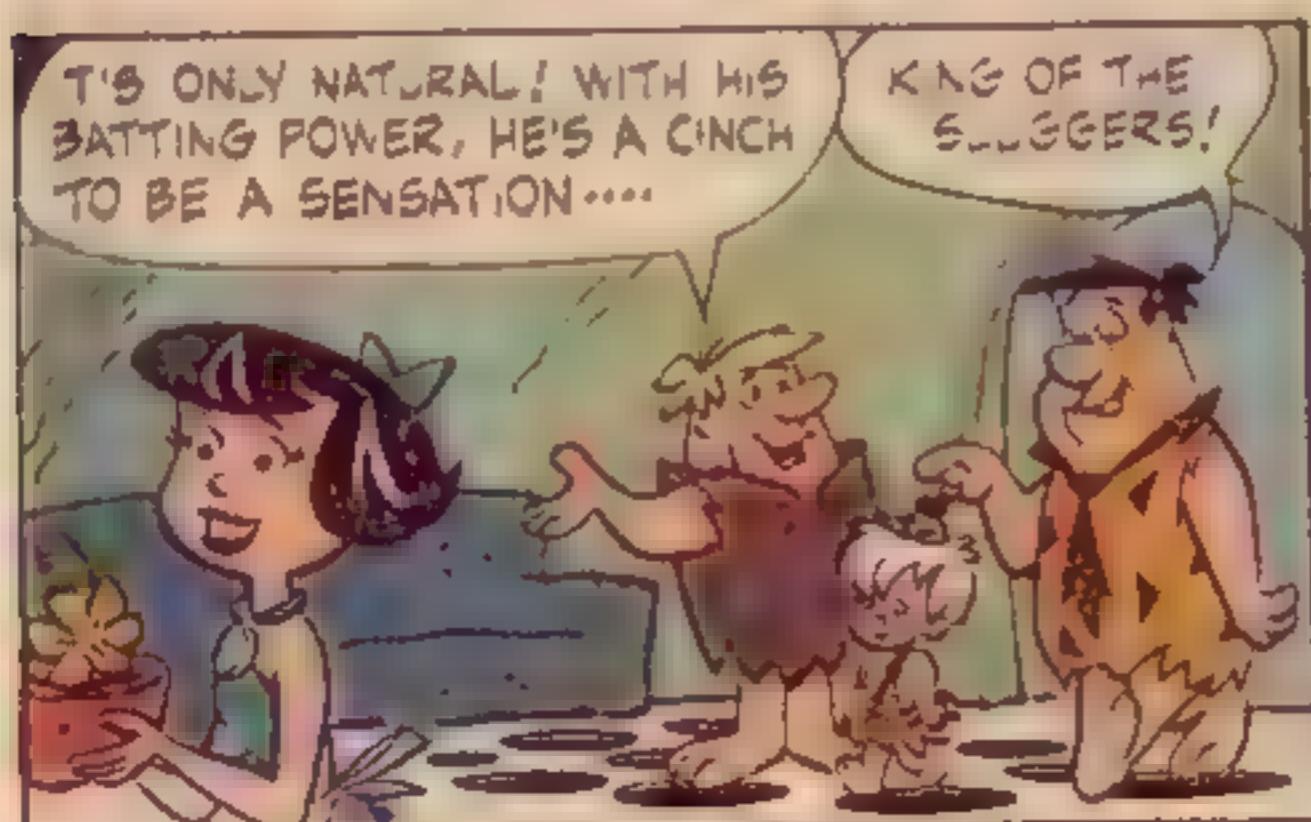
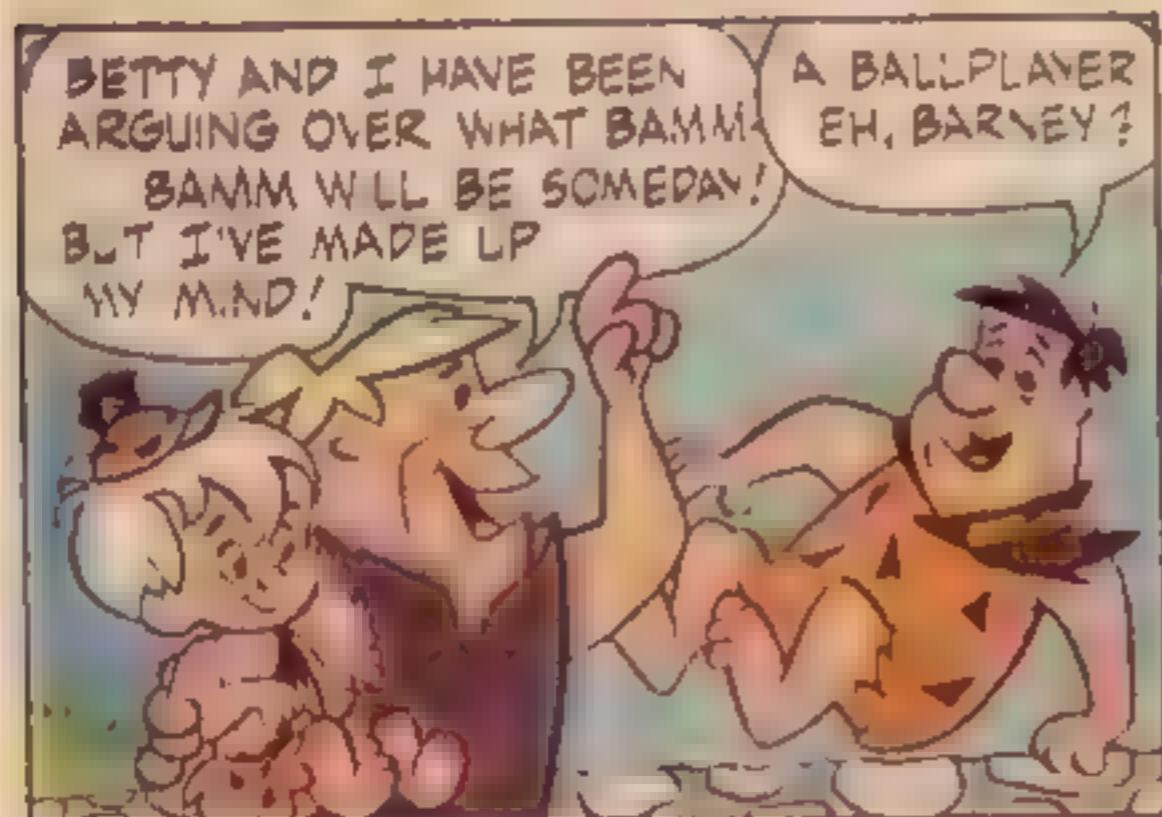
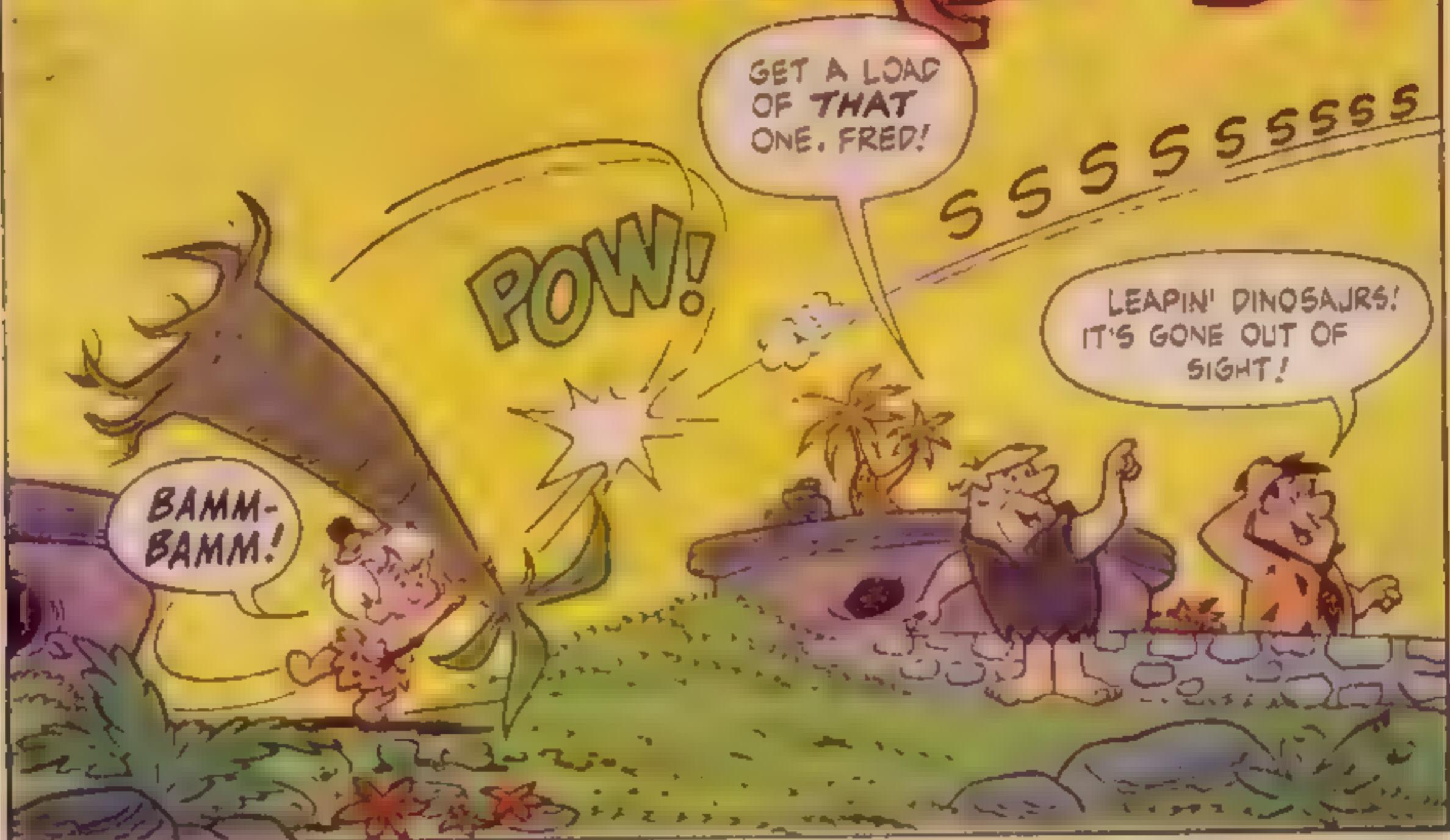
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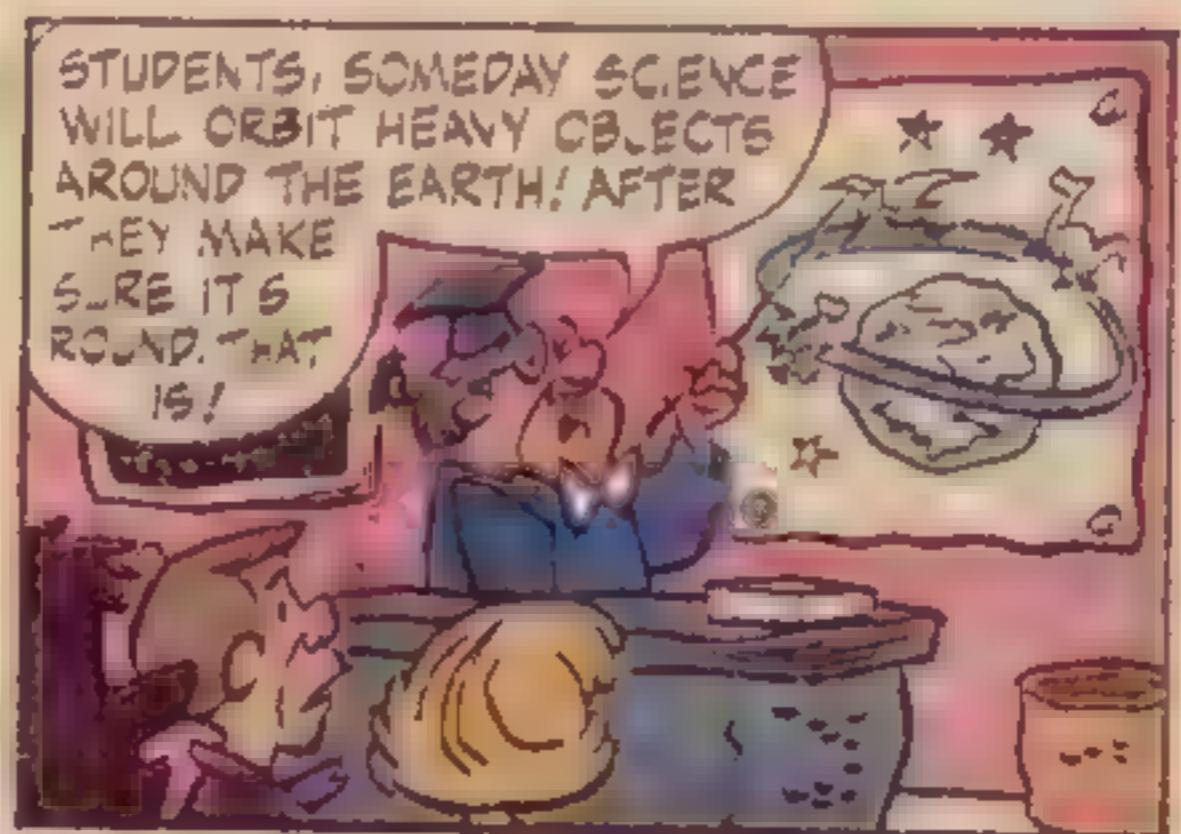
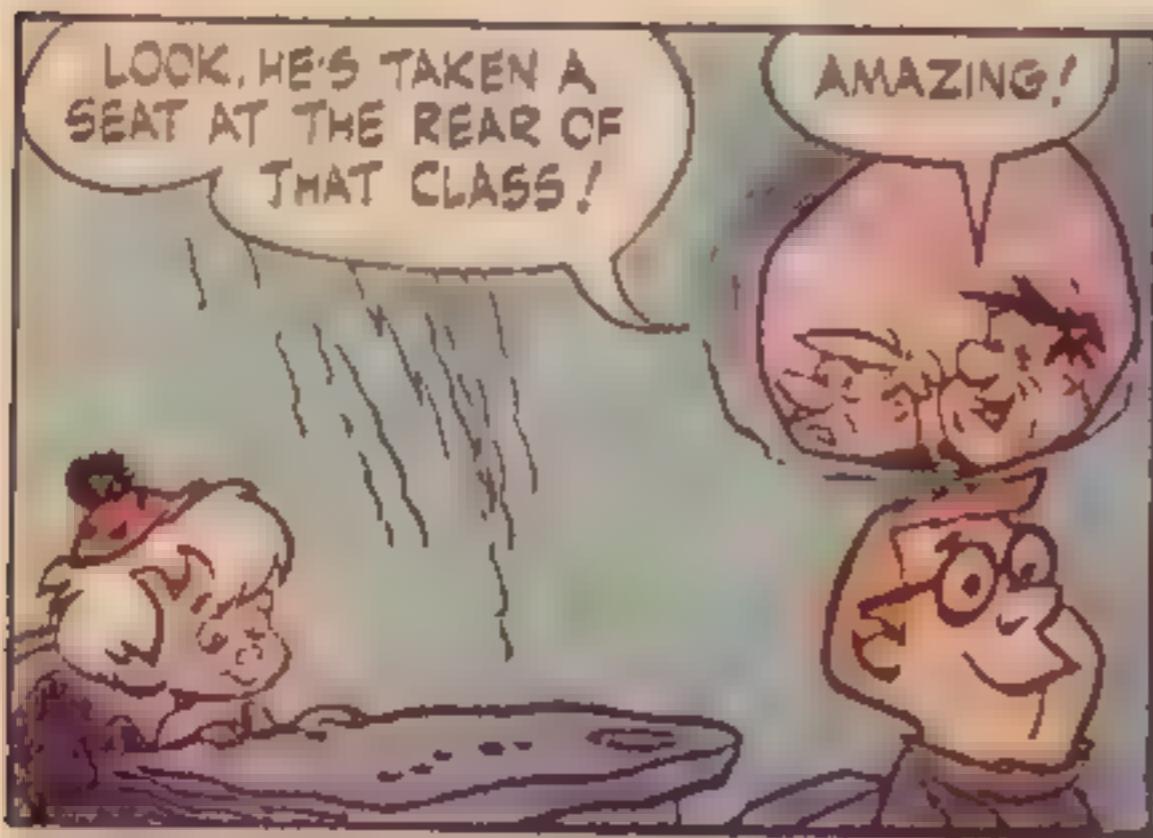
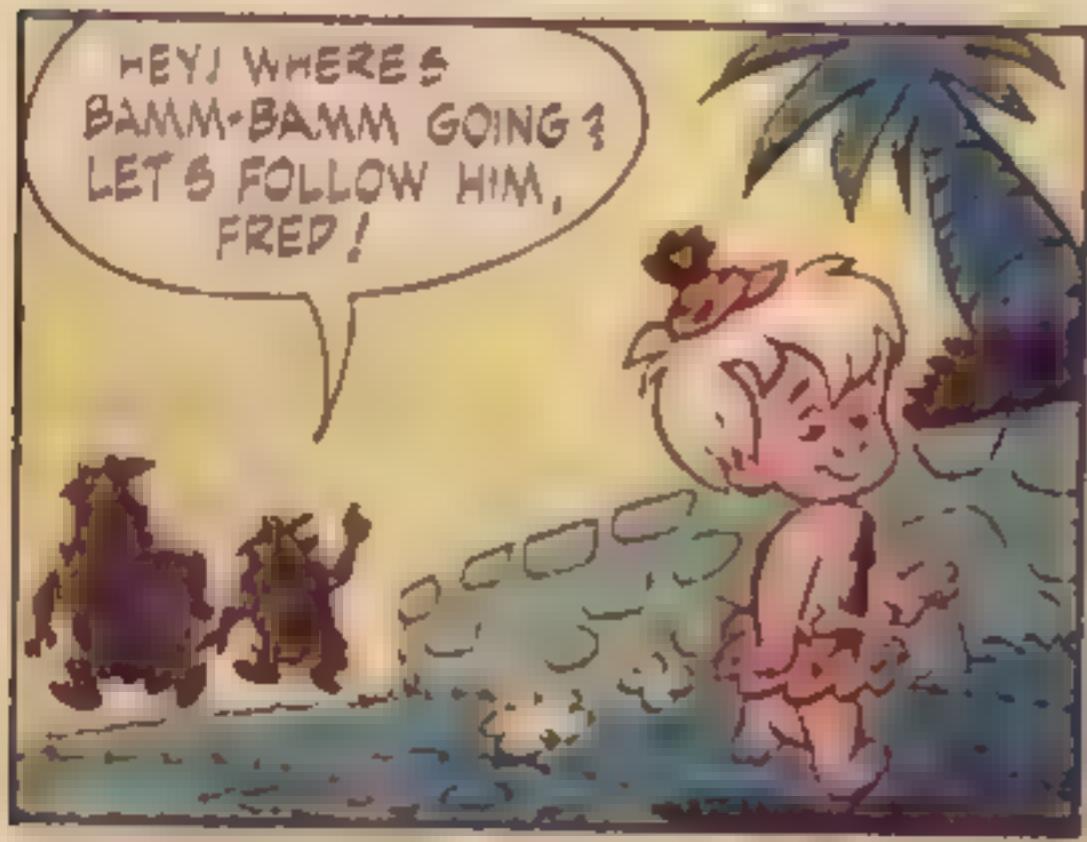
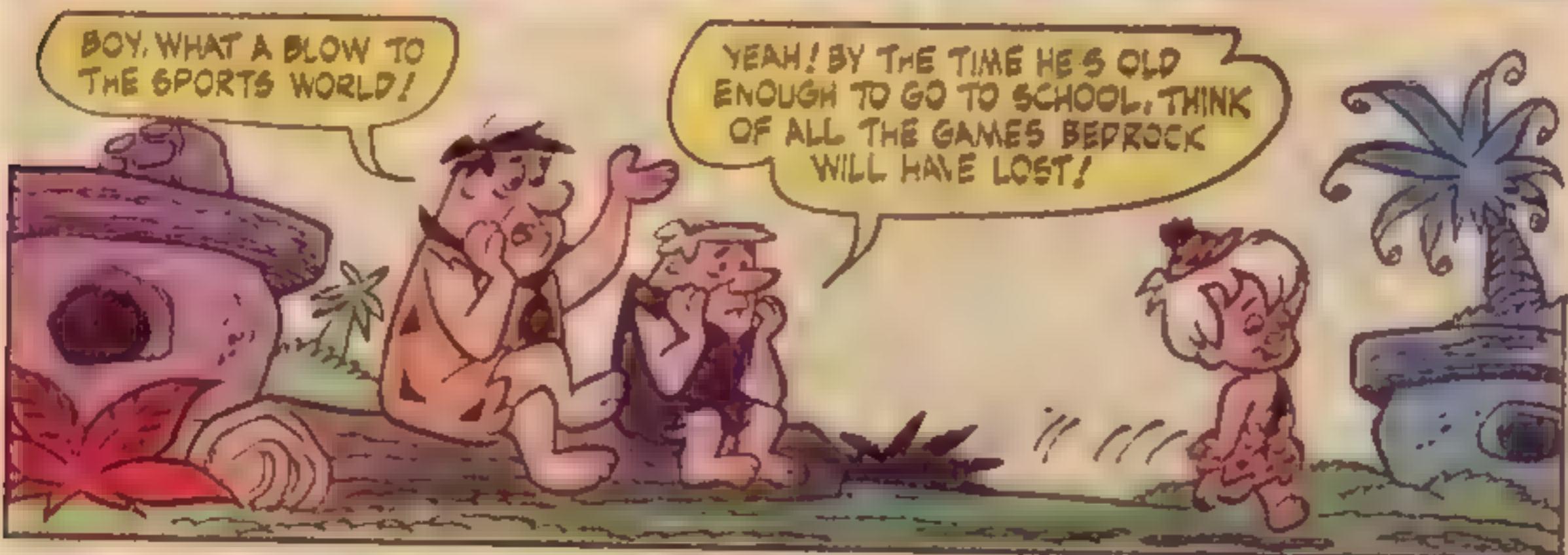
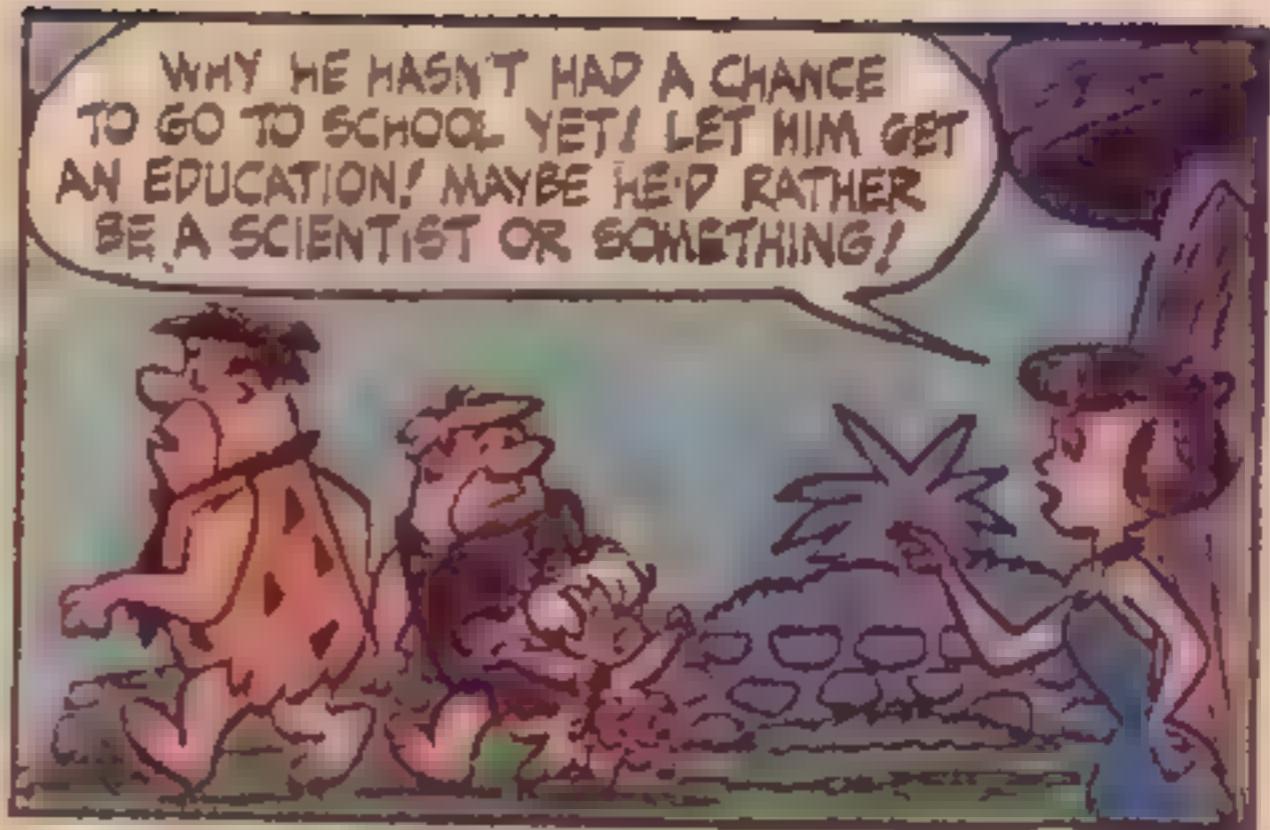


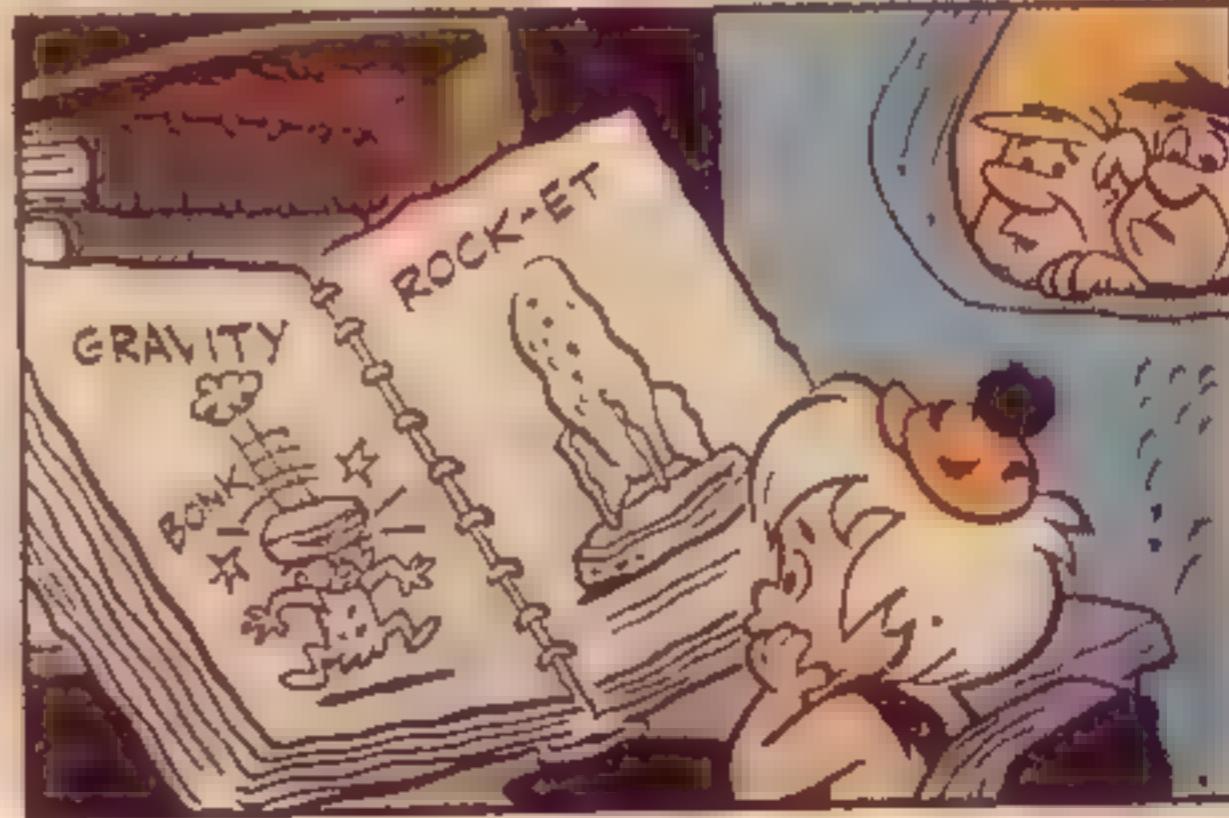
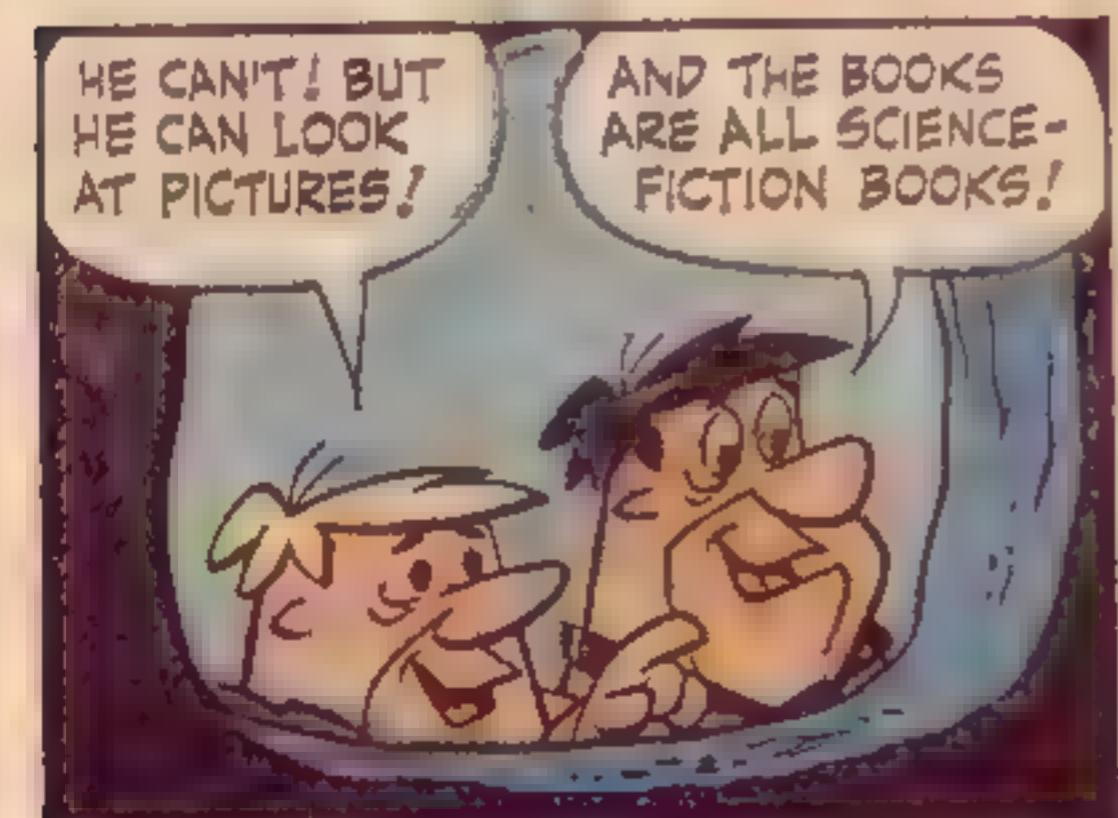
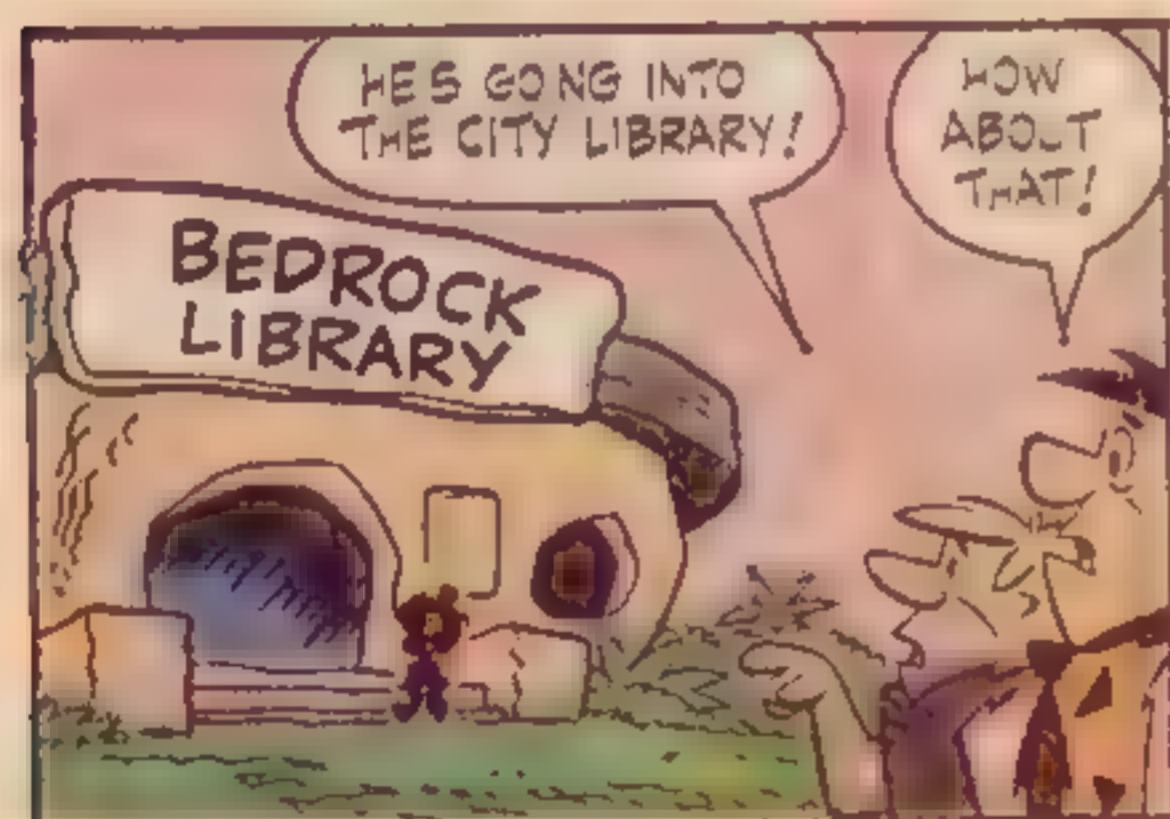
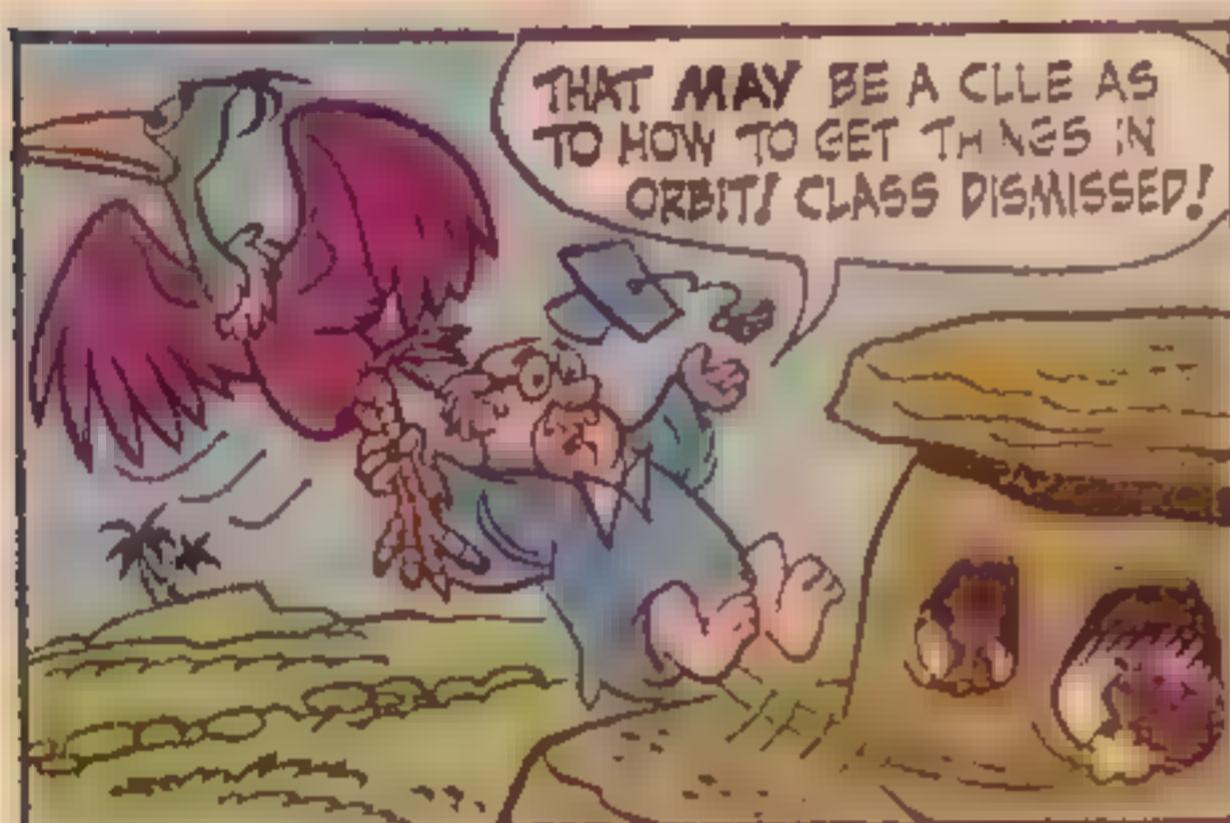
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KEY  
COMICS**

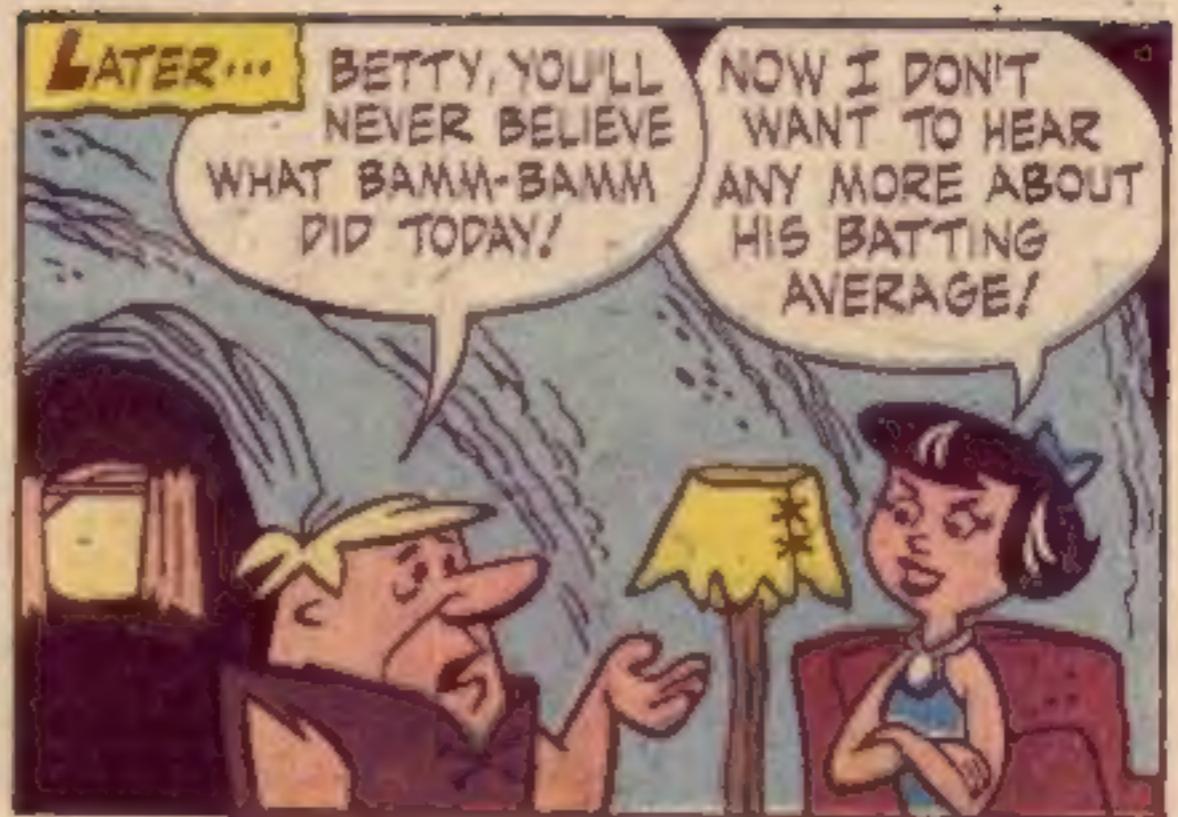
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THE FLINTSTONES

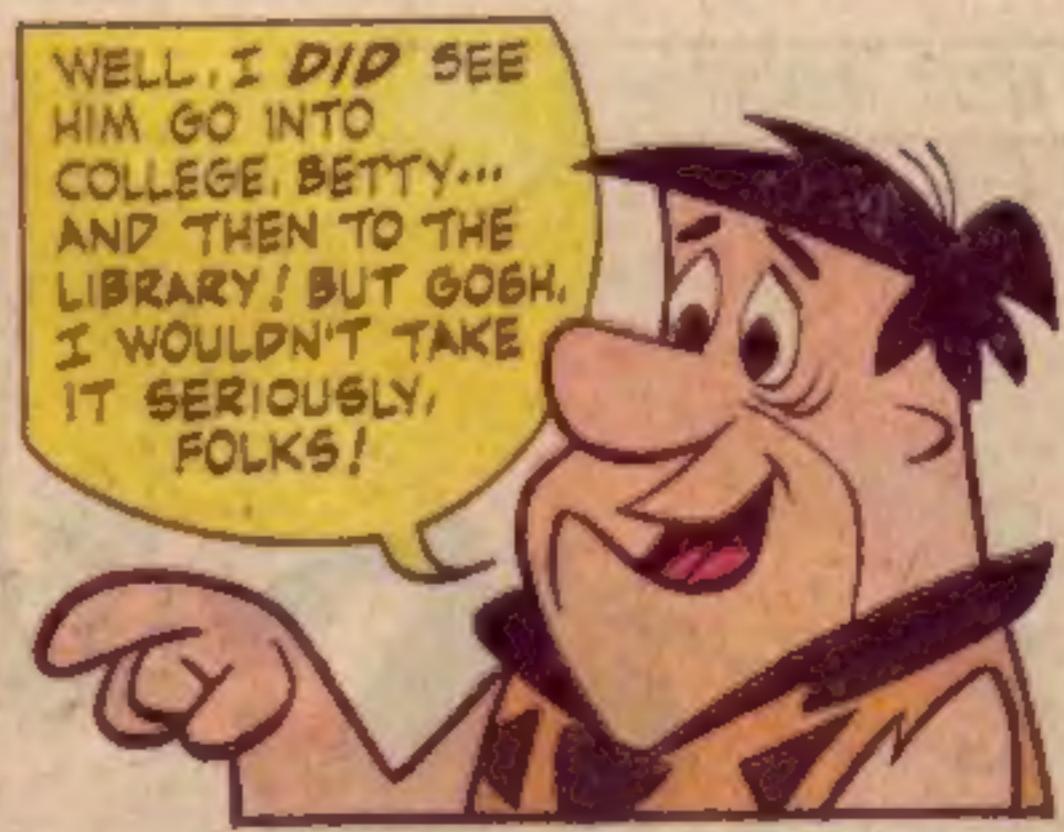
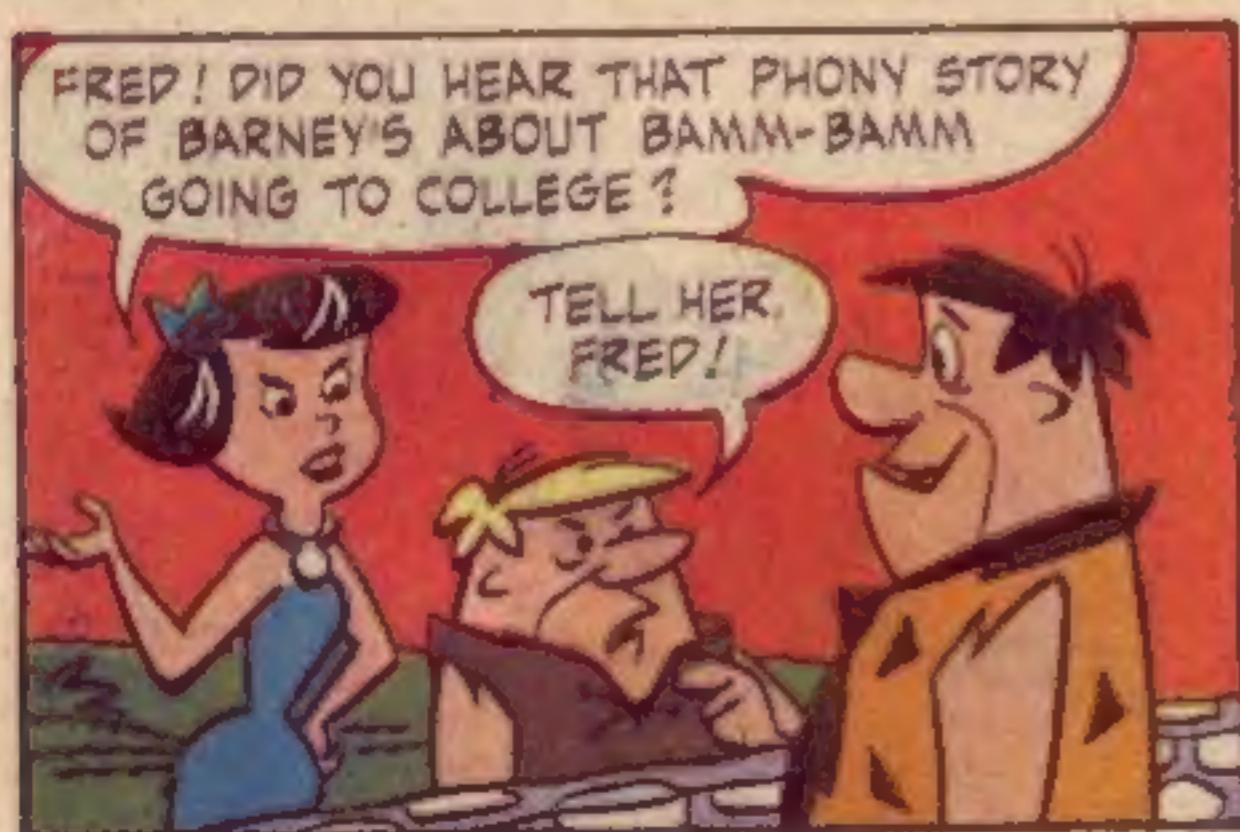
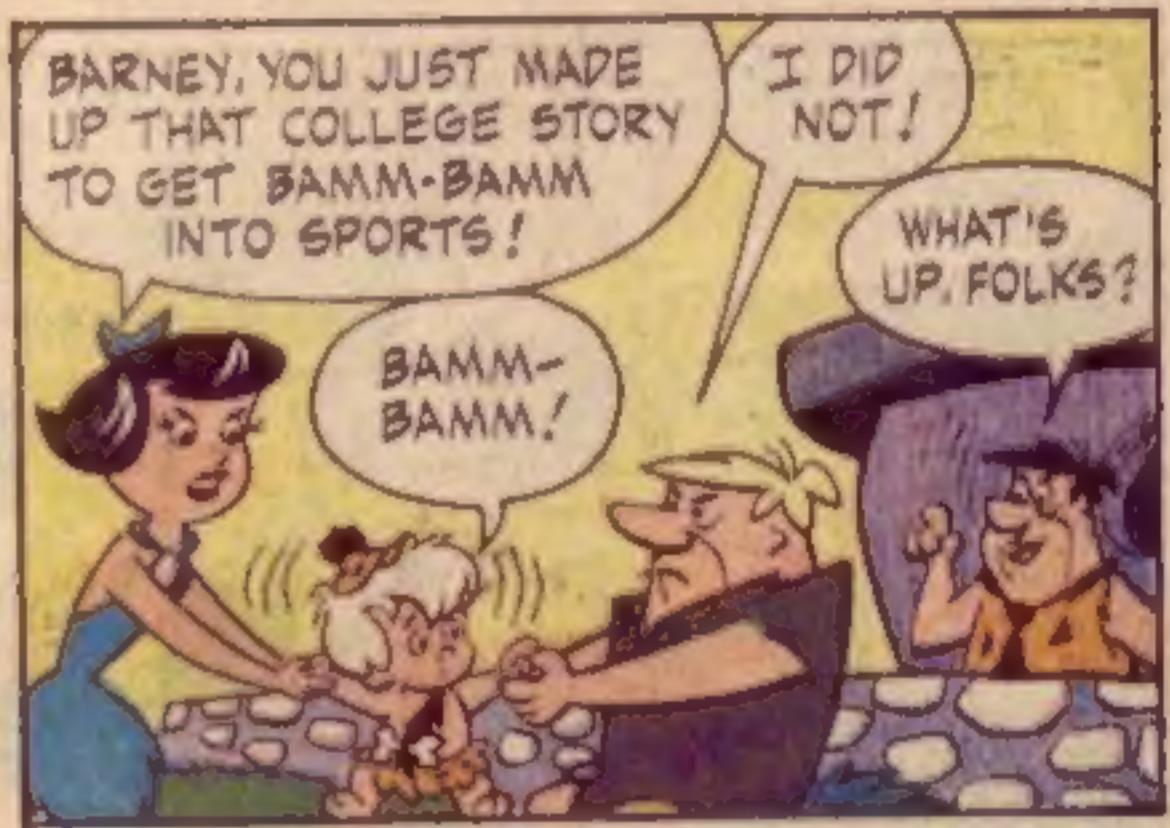
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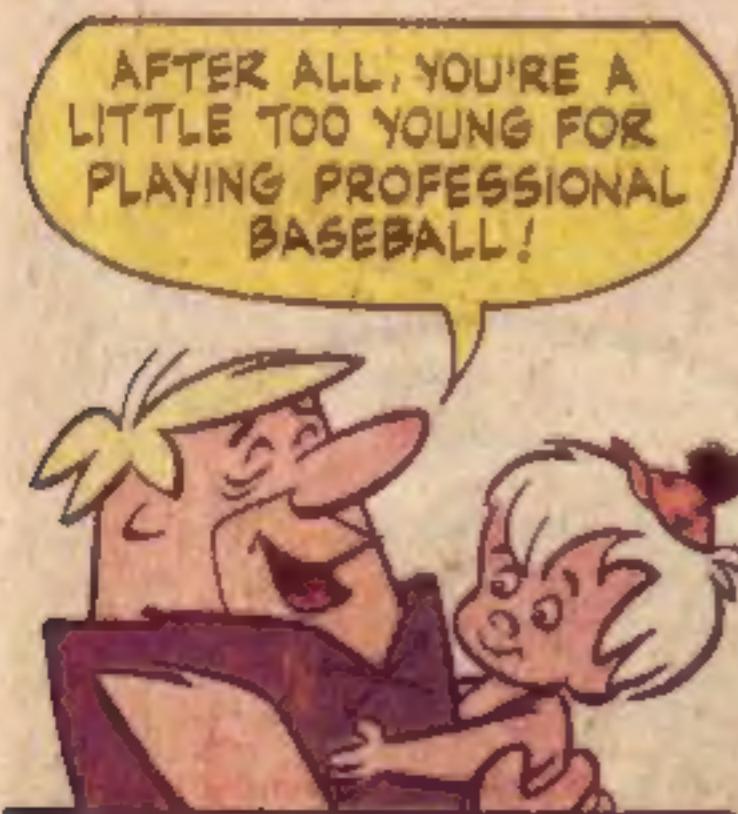
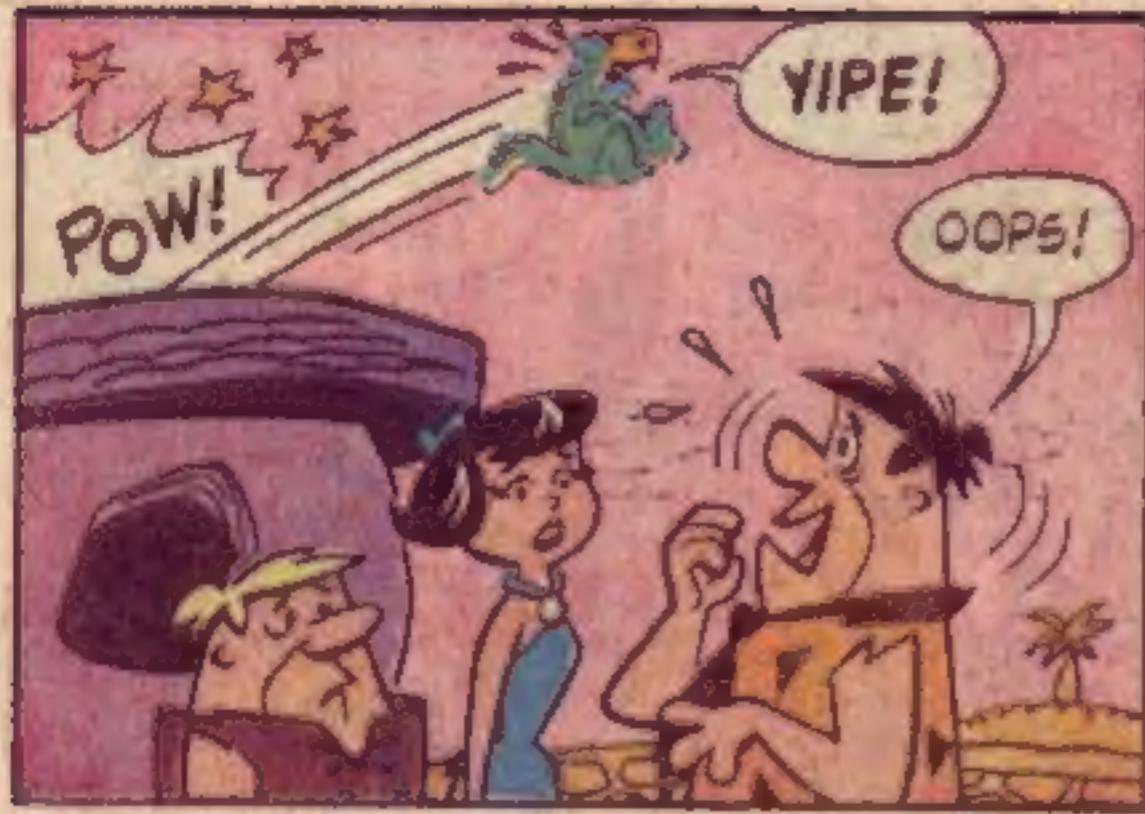


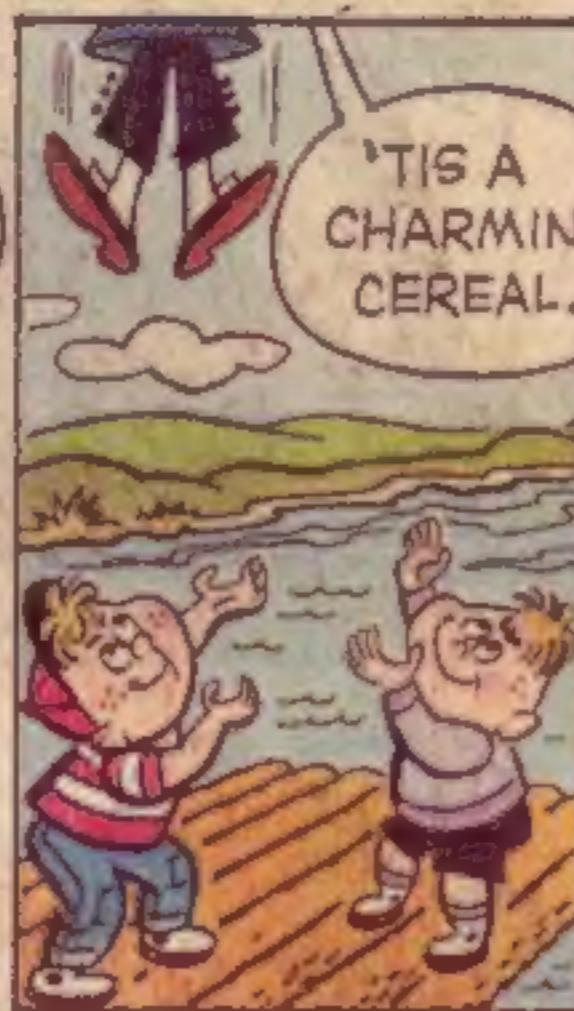
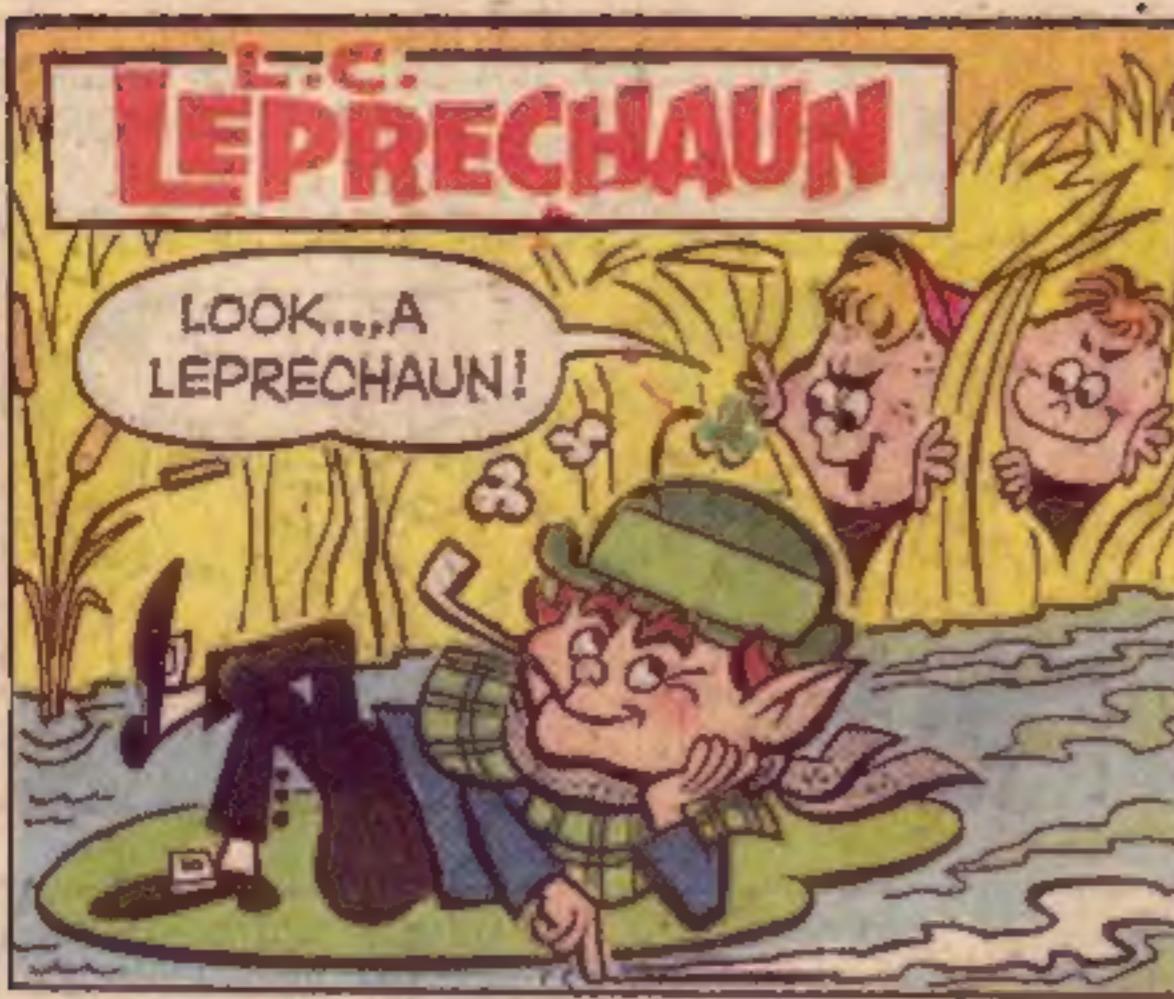












**LUCKY CHARMS**

NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH

**MARSHMALLOW**

**BITS IN**

**LUCKY SHAPES!**

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...

SIMPLY CHARMIN'

